

THE
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

JULY, 1861.

ART. I. — EPICURUS AND EPICUREANS.

1. HEGEL'S *Geschichte der Philosophie*.
2. LEWES. *Biographical History of Philosophy*.
3. FÉNELON. *Lives of the Ancient Philosophers*.
4. ERSCH und GRUBER. *Encyclopädie der Wissenschaften und Künste*.
Art. *Epikuros*.
5. *Dictionnaire de la Conversation et de la Lecture*. 1854. Art. *Epicure*.
6. *Encyclopédie Catholique*. 1846.

WE have placed this promiscuous list of books at the head of our paper, not with any purpose of criticising them, but in order that we may have the benefit of their united and emphatic testimony to the truth of the portrait we shall attempt to draw. It will be perceived at a glance, that they represent the most various and repugnant schools of thought. There is Hegel of "Ewige Nichts" celebrity, prophet of a God who comes to consciousness in Humanity; and Lewes, disciple of Comte, and grand expositor of the Philosophie Positive; and Fénelon, saintly Archbishop of Cambray, whose faith was full in the Roman Catholic Church. The first Encyclopædia we mention — the noble one of Ersch and Gruber — gives a full, minute, and studiously impartial account of the subject of our sketch, fortified with abundant references and quotations; the next deals with the theme after the neat French manner, gracefully, truthfully, and knowingly, dropping some valuable hints in regard to the modern schools of Epicurean philosophy; the last of the three, a work edited by a French abbé

and a *comité d'orthodoxie*, or orthodox committee, very tersely, quietly, gravely, and with admirable feeling, reports the judgment which living members of the Roman communion have the grace to pass on the great atheist and materialist of antiquity. A verdict pronounced with such entire and cordial unanimity by such authorities could hardly be made stronger by any additional force of hands or voices, though we could, if necessary, produce them to almost any extent. These consenting, these are enough. We shall proceed without further apology or defence to describe the old teacher and his teaching according to the best information within our reach, feeling, it must be confessed, some little awkwardness, in talking to Americans of this fast generation about an old Greek who lived and died, and produced an immense number of books which lived and died also, many a century before America itself was heard of; and yet conscious that what we write will have its meaning and interest for all who may trouble themselves to read it. For, according to a familiar but deep saying, human nature is substantially the same in every age, and the philosopher is simply a man who studies human nature, reports what the human heart contains, and gives expression, in theory and doctrine, to certain felt beliefs of universal man; while the ancient differs from the modern philosopher chiefly in this, that he wore a toga instead of a sack, sandals instead of gaiter shoes, and ate his dinner, supposing him so fortunate as to have one, with the primitive fingers in place of the artificial and then uninvented knife and fork. The beard is no longer a distinction. Moreover, every ancient school of philosophy has its representative among ourselves. The modern Athens cannot, and surely would not, disown her Platonists and Aristotelians, who, though they reside in Cambridge or Concord, belong of course to Boston. Whoever frequents our reform meetings has often seen, in leading orators, very passable specimens of those whom the stern prophet of moral law instructed beneath the Porch. Our Socratic head has disappeared, to our sorrow; but many are the followers he has left behind him, to cherish his memory, extend his doctrines, and sustain his method. As for the Peripatetics they exist still, beyond all peradventure, in the

troubadours of the lyceum, who are always on the move, dropping wisdom or something else among the multitude. But where is the disciple of Epicurus? If we should name him, he would not be recognized. The sage of the garden alone is childless; for his legitimate offspring are anxious to disown him, and those who claim to be his offspring he would disown. Perhaps the best way to recover the dropped link of this genealogical chain will be to bring out first the portrait of the old Epicurus, and then see whether in anything modern we can trace the family likeness. This we will proceed to do as faithfully as circumstances will permit, endeavoring to secure ourselves against the mistake of making the ancient sage sit for his likeness to those whom we may think his modern disciples. This is the real danger. For in exhibiting Epicurus we are intensely conscious that we are exhibiting new foes under an old face,—that we are showing up opinions and sentiments of to-day only under an aspect so remote and strange that they may be contemplated without passion, weighed without partiality, and criticised without sensitiveness. The subject is almost too practical and fresh to be honestly treated. And yet for this very reason we have taken it up. Little Oliver Proudfoot, in the story, sets up a wooden Turk in his back yard, and hacks away at it with his broadsword an hour daily, finding this satisfaction in the performance, that he thereby vents his hatred of all Turks, practises himself in the use of his weapon, and keeps his foolish head safe from the blows of a living foeman, which might be inconvenient. The clergyman, once a week, solemnly exhumes the ancient Pharisees, and upon the ghostly backs of those long-suffering unfortunates discharges a shower of blows, faintly hoping that the listening Pharisee, whose patience is less perfect, will take warning from the mysterious flagellation. Why should not we too set up our man of straw? We will do so.

The reputed father of the most popular sect in the world was born, some say, at the island of Samos, others in the Athenian township Gargettus, 342 years B. C., six years after the death of Plato. His mother was an honest witch or sorceress,—medium or mesmerizer we should call her,—who earned a scanty

subsistence by practising hocus pocus upon invalids and insane people, after the manner which those unscientific days of medicine tolerated better than we do. She perhaps gave her son that hatred of evil spirits which was so conspicuous in his after life. From his father, who was a schoolmaster, the lad inherited that somewhat dry intellect which busied itself to such purpose in translating, spelling, and parsing the universe after the most approved rules of grammar. The boy was inquisitive and witty. Reading Hesiod, at twelve years old, with his teacher, he comes to a verse which suggests that all things proceeded from chaos. "And whence came chaos?" asked the boy; "how began the beginning?" The teacher of course could not answer the question, and the young sceptic applied to others. Finding them all equally ignorant, and discovering thus early the truth that every man at last must answer his own questions, he determined to get a solution for himself. He sought, and became a philosopher, — a self-taught philosopher, as he boasted, — and a teacher in his turn.

The method of study that Epicurus pursued indicated the spirit of his philosophy. An industrious honey-bee, he winged his flight from one flowering city to another; from the blooming gardens of Athens to the purple vineyards of Samos; back to Athens at the age of eighteen to suck the juices distilled from the elder schools of wisdom; away again to Colophon, which had the grace to boast of giving birth to Homer; off to Mitylene, fruitful and fair; to Lampsacus, famous for its blushing roses and its unblushing women, where, in luscious pleasure-grounds, he lingered several years, availing himself likely enough of the tempting opportunities offered by the gay city for maturing his system and qualifying himself to be an instructor of youth in his favorite doctrine of happiness. At the age of thirty-six he is once more in Athens, the head of the school over which he presided until his death.

Pleasantly suggestive of his genial creed was the spot he selected, the famous garden. It is as hard to find now as the site of Eden; — the location of these earthly paradises is not long remembered; — but we may suppose it to have been a space within the city walls, of moderate extent and uneven surface, purchased for eighty minæ, (about \$1,500,) the proceeds of the

proprietor's former teaching. Let us fancy, if we can, a bounded and artificial Eden, the rougher parts planted with olive-trees from which hung in festoons the vine and honeysuckle; the smoother parts covered with close-cut verdure. Through copious shrubbery the paths wind in and out; they run over dry spots, bright with cyclamen and convolvulus; they pause at arbors which offer grateful shelter from the noonday sun; they linger by fragments of plinth and column that serve as seats; and they meet at last at the summit of a beautiful knoll which commands one of the loveliest views on earth. The solemn Parnes lifts high his head, covered with perpetual snow or cloud. The shady Hymettus shows the dark-blue dells which feed her innumerable honey-bees. Above the level of the plain, covered with marble temples, theatres, baths, and lively with a picturesque population, the stony Acropolis lifts the graceful Parthenon into the azure skies. The golden day flushes and fades on the crags of Ægina and of village-crowned Sunium, and far away in the distance the blue Ægean Sea, flecked with merchant ships, bears on its sparkling bosom the rocky loveliness of Salamis. The retreat is guarded against intrusion by wild pomegranates and tufts of hardy gorse, and it has but one gate; but that stands ever open, with this hospitable inscription on it: "Stranger, here you will do well to tarry; here is pleasure, the chief good."

In this delightful spot Epicurus passed the cloudless days with his band of disciples. Hither came the young men of Athens, the elegant, the studious, and the gay; hither flocked youth from far Asia, and even from cities of Africa, drawn by the teacher's renown. The celebrated Leontion, with other graceful women, the strong-minded of the day, lent the charms of their beauty and their wit to a company such as Boccaccio would have gathered round him in the bowers of Florence. The master was less a master than a friend; the school was not so much a school as a fraternity. No compulsory tasks made the day wearisome; no artificial restraints limited the free bounding of the animal spirits. Studies, elegant or severe according to aptitude or choice, mingled with conversation and innocent amusements, beguiled the delicious hours. The cheerful repast was always eaten in common; and, surpassing in

good-feeling the disciples of Pythagoras, who adopted as a principle of fellowship the community of goods, the disciples of Epicurus, more sympathetic still, refused to make a duty even of kindness, saying that such a regulation betrayed a secret distrust, for a true friend took from his friend no pledge of friendliness. The amity of the Epicureans was celebrated even by their enemies. Cicero said, "In one dwelling, and that a narrow one, what troops of friends, what consent and communion of love!" "It produces no great men, but it creates a fraternity," was the declaration of the severe moralist, Seneca. "All things spoken in that circle were spoken from one impulse and one feeling." "Many Epicureans there have been, and are to-day," says Cicero again, "who are faithful in friendship, constant and weighty in the whole conduct of life, men who take wise counsel of duty, not of delight." When Athens was visited by famine, the garden of Epicurus still assembled its bright votaries within its leafy walls, and still the gate stood open with its invitation to come in, not to feast and tell stories after the Decameron fashion, but "to share the barley-cakes and the pure water, and find happiness the chief good."

It was apparently by force of personal attraction that the master was able to draw about him this brilliant circle of disciples. Admitting that we know nothing of Epicurus till the period of youth and passion was passed, it is with one voice conceded now, that in the noon and afternoon of his life, when we have the pleasure of making his acquaintance, he was a genial, humane, good man, — "*vir comis, humanus, bonus*," are Cicero's words; grave and dignified in person; simple, affectionate, and winning in his manners; plain even to austerity in his habits; temperate in his desires; moderate in his enjoyments; elegant in his tastes; independent in mind; benevolent in disposition. Noise and confusion he always avoided; the dust of care and business was disagreeable to him; politics he would not engage in, because they were debased and vulgar; office-holding he repudiated as being unpleasantly laborious. The Athenians, probably, had not been instructed in our admirable modern art of taking office in order to escape from work. "By no means a bad man, but a capital fellow rather," quoth Cicero, again. His enemies,

the Stoics especially, set fleets of scandalous rumors afloat, and told mean stories about him; but these are generally set down to malice. Diogenes Laertius tells us more about Epicurus than anybody else does; and he refutes them by a quiet appeal to facts, praising emphatically his filial piety, his fraternal kindness, and his broad humanity. He called his slaves his friends; more than that, he treated them as if they were his friends, imparting to them the practical lessons of his mild philosophy, and putting them in possession of all the happiness they were capable of enjoying. Fénelon quotes St. Gregory to the effect that "Epicurus set an example, in his own life, of unimpeachable chastity and uniform temperance; confirming the sincerity of his precepts by the purity of his practice." In a word, no "Epicurean" in the beastly sense was this ancient Epicurus; no bloated glutton, or lusty libertine, or dainty dabbler in life's delights; no gaudy butterfly fluttering in the pleasure-garden of existence. Crosses, which Christian people find heavy, were laid on his shoulder, and he bore them well. His constitution, never robust, was sorely tried in his later years by disease; he was a martyr to dyspepsia; he was wrung by cramps; he was tortured by stone. But he endured his anguish bravely, and was genuine philosopher enough to find escape from them in intellectual pursuits and the joys of friendship. Past the allotted period of human life he lived gently enjoying or tranquilly submissive. And when, at the age of seventy-two, excessive weakness came upon him, and pain intolerable, he laid himself quietly in his bath, called for a goblet of wine, and died peacefully, with a smile on his face. In a characteristic will, the philosopher bequeathed his moneyed property to two of his disciples, with the condition that they should provide for the sons of his deceased friend, Metrodorus, so long as they needed support, and should dower his daughters; to another, Hermachus, whom he appointed his successor, he gave the garden, with the direction that from him it should pass down to the head of the school, and be a permanent home for the sect. His slaves received their freedom; his followers, the precious legacy of his teaching and example. The provision that his birthday should be celebrated by an annual festival, the cost to be defrayed from the interest of his

property, expressed not his vanity, but his love. The love was reciprocal. The attachment of the pupils to their master amounted almost to idolatry. His native city, proud of all its great men, honored him with a public statue. But his friends had his image embossed on goblets, cut on rings, and engraved on their hearts.

How perpetually we are warned against the mistake of judging men by their opinions, or of inferring opinions from character. This amiable man, so Christian-like in his personal and social aspect, held a system with which Christianity has from the beginning been at deadly war. Behold his doctrine in a sentence: "Life is before you; a cradle at one end, a grave at the other: take it for what it is worth, and make the most of it, asking no impertinent questions." "Trust your senses," was this good man's iterated and reiterated charge. "Nothing is positive or final but sensation." "Sensations," he used to say, "are always true and ultimate; nothing can refute sensations." "Only a madman will be satisfied with opinions or arguments beyond the reach of his senses." Starting from this principle, the world, according to our philosopher, was a very cheap contrivance. Atoms, and an empty space for the atoms to jostle about in, that is all. A dry morsel this for the mouth of greedy curiosity. Would you know the mystery of the universe? Atoms. Would you learn the origin of created things? Atoms. Are you anxious to comprehend Nature's causes and ends? Atoms. In the name of the prophet — Chips! It was a saying of Diderot, a French disciple of Epicurus, that if you would put a sufficient number of letters into a dice-box, and allow him a sufficient number of casts, he could throw the *Iliad* of Homer. But Epicurus was bolder than that. Give me atoms enough, space enough, and time enough, I will throw the universe, said he. Imagine, if you can, amid all the discussions as to the origin of the "*Iliad*," a scholar coming forward and suggesting that the letters of which the poem is composed were once endowed with legs, and the faculty of independent motion; that, being thus endowed, they crawled about at will until they found their present places in the poet's verse, and remained there, never to wander again. A sugges-

tion like this would be less wild than the fancy in which Epicurus indulged himself, — that these hard atoms of matter of which the visible universe is made, being infinite in number and in shape, living creatures possessed of volition and the power of original movement, after wandering for ages through the boundless void of space, trying all manner of experiments, crossing, recrossing, eddying, whirling, striking, dodging about in mid-air, settled down at last into worlds and systems of worlds, plants, minerals, animals, men, and all the variety of objects we behold. All the properties of things, odors, savors, hues, densities, surfaces, temperatures, were, in his view, but varied combinations of the same particles of matter; the eternal mountains and the impalpable air, the heavy water and the winged lightning, the fleecy cloud that melts away in the sunbeam and the iron that resists the furnace's glow, the curling smoke and the immutable adamant, are all made of the same stuff, all result from the chance concourse of the same infinitesimal atoms, variously shaped and mingled. The only difference between the German who dines upon sour-cROUT and the Frenchman who cuts a dainty *paté de Perigord* is, that the former eats atoms shaped like fish-hooks, which tear their way into the feelings, and go rasping down the gullet, while the latter eats atoms shaped like globules, which roll smoothly over the palate. The screeching performance of Pat the wood-sawyer or Colin the bagpiper is distinguished from the music of Thalberg of the piano, or Ole Bull of the violin, simply in this, — that Pat and Colin assault your tympanum with a crowd of atoms that are hooked and spiked, atoms that wriggle and scratch, while Thalberg and Ole scatter from their instruments upon the air swarms of atoms so round and glossy that the ear-drum rejoices in their contact. There may seem to be a choice between the odor of a dead carcass and the perfume of Lubin's extract of sweet clover, but substantially they are the same thing, only the one irritates the nostril while the other titillates it. Bright colors are the effect of prickly atoms which claw the eyeball; blue and pink and the delightful green are derived from particles smooth and polished, and soft as the contact of velvet.

Every object, said Epicurus, is perpetually sending off from

its surface an exquisitely subtle image of itself, which impresses its shape upon the human retina. If this image proceed directly from the object to the eye, it is distinct; if any of the particles are stopped by intervening obstacles, it is broken and imperfect; if the distance traversed is so great that the force of the particles is spent, the image is blurred and faint. You see your form reflected in a mirror. That is because the atoms emanating from your body strike the hard surface and rebound into your eye. But why do we see our forms reversed in mirrors? Because the particles are turned inside out by the force of the blow. Very subtle and penetrating these flying molecules were supposed to be. The curtain in the theatre shakes them like warm dust from its crimson folds. Forms of dead people in their graves fling them off, and they make their way through coffin-lid and sod, and flit as ghosts before the sharpened vision of men and women as they pass hurriedly by graveyards; they fly abroad at night, vague and aimless, pass through the closed doors of chambers, perforate the skin, reach the latent senses as they lie passive in slumber, and thus cause the pleasing dream or the hideous nightmare. They become broken perhaps by contact with other images with which the air is filled, and then, as they meet perchance the human senses, the eye is terrified by monstrous shapes of gorgon and chimæra, a man's head on a horse's body, a woman's bust with a fish's extremities, a three-headed pig, or a child with a tail. The air is crowded with these moving spectres. They dance into the poet's dreamy eyes, and his imagination teems with marvellous shapes, grand, grotesque, and beautiful. They throng in such rapid succession upon the vision of the sleeper that the numberless phantoms of his dream seem one phantom, and that a live one, just as the spokes of a spinning-wheel become one blur, or as the whisking of the circular card which children used to play with and wonder at changes the painted figures upon its border into busy wood-sawyers and boys playing at leap-frog. And since every conceivable image is within range of every man's retina at almost every instant of time, it is not surprising that in revery men should be haunted by so many weird shapes, or that people should possess the power they do of calling up whatever shape they will.

It is to this wild infinitude of disorder that, according to Epicurus, the world owes its appearance of order. The numberless chances have resulted in harmony. Not a trace of design does he allow in the universe; not a purpose nor an end in a single existing thing. Only the foolish babble of plans and intentions. Men walked on their legs, said he, because they found it more convenient than walking on all-fours. They looked out of their eyes, finding that they answered the purposes of seeing better than their ears or their noses. But it is fancy that suggests that these organs were constructed for these especial uses and for no other, or that originally they were constructed for any uses whatever. They came so. Idle is all speculation upon causes, efficient or final. Take things as they appear, without trying to account for them, was the word of the great materialist. He was thoroughly indifferent about laws and ends. He looked up at the midnight skies gemmed with stars, he saw the hosts of them in their glory, but he was moved by no curiosity, he was touched with no wonder. "O yes, pretty things enough, to be sure: pity their happy twinkle should be put out every morning. But why vex your brains about such trifles? what business have you with the stars?" You must have an explanation of the movements of the heavenly bodies, must you? One is as good as another. Take the first which offers. Call the moon a dollar or a cheese, and the stars pin-heads. You may account for summer and winter easily enough by supposing the sun to be beaten about by opposing currents of wind, one of which drives it away from the earth, leaving it cold, while the other brings it near, making it warm. Are you perplexed by the alternations of day and night? There is no difficulty about the matter if you suppose that the sun, after his daily journey through the skies, becomes faint and goes to bed behind the curtain of the western clouds, or if you reflect that its torch may be lighted up and extinguished every day. But the monthly changes of the moon! Well, what of them? The moon waxes and wanes. So do babies grow fat and lean. So do men swell up with dropsy and pine away with fever. If you think the moon's attacks of plethora and depletion are rather too regular and violent, why not compare it to a snow-ball, and say that it loses some of its bulk by flying so swiftly through

the air, and gains again by the atoms which stick to it as it speeds along?

Mother Earth, thought Epicurus, was an old crone, barren now and exhausted. In her youth she produced men from her teeming womb, laid them upon her soft couch of grass, and gave them milk from her full udders. Now since the memory of man she has given birth to nothing but mosquitos and fleas, and other vermin. The great races are dying out. The violent shocks of wind are wearing down the old globe, which, like all other bodies exposed to the friction of the drifting sand atoms, will in time waste away; then the walls of the vast world, assaulted on every side, will crack and crumble into mouldering ruins.

Of course, among all these dancing, gyrating, fantastic molecules there is no room for a soul. Epicurus meant to leave none. Lucretius, the Epicurean poet, putting into noble verse the unbelief of his master, gives twenty-six arguments to prove that the soul of man perishes with the body. For the soul, he says, is nothing but a vapor diffused throughout the frame, strengthening with its strength and failing with its weakness, sick in its sickness and blithe in its health; so thin and light that you cannot see it vanish when the body dies, nor perceive that its departure lessens by a jot the body's weight. And the spirit of man, which dwells in the hollow of his chest, is only a still more attenuated ether, a cunningly mingled gas, nameless, hidden, evanescent as the perfume of a crushed violet. The student's glowing thought is but the feverish movement of fiery particles in the blood; the stately images that troop through the poet's kindled imagination are but the mimic pageantry of the frisking globules, no more real than castles of cloud in the sun-setting; and all the beautiful sentiments, all the conceptions that we deem imperishable, flush and fade and alter and vanish with the shifting grains in that wonderful kaleidoscope, the human frame.

If there is no intelligent human soul, there can be no infinite divine soul. Epicurus, the amiable, simple-hearted, cheerful, and kindly, was an atheist,—an atheist on theory and an atheist on principle,—an atheist because he thought atheism good. He had his arguments, neither few nor feeble. But

they all resulted at last in the argument of every man who believes in the senses, and who thinks the senses ought to be supremely gratified. Here is the proof stated in the simplest form, the atheist's perpetual demonstration. If there were a designing and a beneficent Creator, he said, mankind would be satiated with animal delights. Satiated they are not, therefore there is no designing and beneficent Creator. In other words, every good father feeds his children with sugar-plums; but instead of sugar-plums we are perpetually cracking our teeth upon pebbles, disguised by a very thin crust of sweetened flour; there is then no good Father. And yet, singularly inconsistent as it may seem, even Epicurus would not call himself an atheist. Though he believed in nothing but motes of matter,—though he admitted no spiritual essence out of which a God might be made, had no work for a God to do, had no heaven for a God to dwell in,—though his senses afforded him no hint of God's existence, and he found no evidence thereof in Nature, seeing that he scouted all notions of design,—still he was constrained to fancy that beings existed somewhere who enjoyed in perfection the bliss after which he sighed in vain; and he loved to talk about his celestial Epicureans enjoying their eternal *dolce far niente*, in a happy region midway between the worlds, where no rain touched them, nor snow, and the whiff of the whirling atoms was unfelt. A sort of celestial Lazzaroni they were, living in an everlasting Naples; the air about them always serene, the light always brilliant, their seats fair and downy, their sole occupation the dreamy sense of their own idle felicity. These were the only true, the only adorable Gods; the only true, because divested of the attributes which belong to humanity, and released from the human necessity of thought, labor, and sadness; the only adorable, because, being unable to bestow any rewards upon their worshippers, they could be contemplated with calmer mind and waited on with more simple and sincere devoutness. Superfluous are all invocations, prayers, and sacrifices; idle is the worship which the fear-oppressed multitude offers. The impious man is not he who rejects the deities which the vulgar revere, but he who imputes to deity the acts and attributes which the vulgar praise. Belief in the

popular gods is the only atheism. Yet Epicurus visited the public temples, and with such aspect of reverence, that one Diocles is reported as having exclaimed, "Jupiter, thou never appearest to me so great as when Epicurus is at thy knees."

A strange notion of the universe! A universe that is a winged heap of sand! Men that are bundles of nerves! Deities that are placid wreaths of midsummer mist! But Epicurus was gentle and kindly, and the theory, as projected from his mind, had its genial side. We must grant that it was well meant. Epicurus had no thought of being an enemy of his kind. To deliver mortals from superstitious terrors was the sole wish of the amiable philosopher. He would banish the appalling phantoms of the unseen world, and rid nature of hobgoblins. Anything in his judgment was better than brimstone and the Devil. Better be a sprightly heap of dancing dirt-specks than the sad sport of an iron destiny, or the hapless victim of capricious gods. Happier is it to look forward to a quiet annihilation presently, than to go shivering through life at the prospect of miseries hereafter. It is the fear of death, he said, that makes life bitter. But the fear of death is only the fear of that nameless something which may accompany or follow death; it is the fear of retribution and the horrid realm of ghosts. Freed from these terrors, there can be no dread of death. For life is good so long as it lasts, and death puts an end to it when it is good no longer. What is death but an idle word? When we are, death is not; and when death is, we are not. We do not feel it, for it stops feeling; and what causes no pain when present, it is foolish to fear when far off. All good and evil is in sensation; and as death is simply the absence of sensation, of course it is nothing either to the dead or the living. The same logic disposes of the future. Why live in apprehension of the future? he said. It is no present possession, which we may apprehend the loss of; nor is it a past possession, over whose loss we may grieve. We never had it, and we were never deprived of it. It is simply nothing at all, and, as Mr. Toots said, it is of no consequence. Be tranquil; take life as it comes; pluck the flower that is blooming; sufficient unto itself is each day's evil and good.

Epicurus was a philosopher of the world. He aimed at laying down the science of human life and conduct. He cared nothing about explaining the universe, save as he might contribute to the happiness of his kind. His theories he used merely as brooms to sweep from men's brains the cobwebs in which lurked the black spider of care. Happiness,—here in a word you have the key-note of all his wisdom. And Epicurus honestly confessed that by happiness he meant the enjoyment of the present, the satisfactions of animal delight. Pleasure and pain, he said, are the two levers that move the will,—pleasure the natural craving of our being, pain the sole enemy of life. Joy we desire, because joylessness is pain; pain we avoid, because painlessness is joy. *Pleasure is the supreme good*, was the plump motto of our genial sage. Judge for yourselves what must have been his notion of pleasure, believing as he did that man is a curious bundle of atoms, in a few years to be dissipated,—a creature whose very thoughts, feelings, and virtues are but modes of sensation. “I know no good,” said he, “if I omit the pleasures of the palate, the delights of love, the charm of beautiful forms.” And it was no slanderer, probably, who attributed to his chief disciple this swinish sentiment. “My friend, I give you the stomach; the stomach,—the sensible man makes haste to gratify his stomach.” Verily, that sentiment is quite worthy of the modern school. “My dear friend,” said a nice gentleman, the other day, to his Christian neighbor, “from which of your powers do you anticipate the most delight in your old age?” “From the faculty of sleeping, I think,” was the thoughtful reply. “Indeed! Now I anticipate more from the table; the table,—give me the table.”

But it must be remembered that the system of Epicurus allows sensual indulgences only on the supposition of their bringing pure and painless joy. If the dainty feast is to be followed by dyspepsia and physic; if the midnight revel is succeeded by a spinning bed and headache in the morning; if the wanton debauch draws on nausea and loathing of life; if the momentary thrill of a nerve is balanced by a day's prostration; if nectar must give place to Epsom salts,—such pleasure is the fool's happiness. The voluptuary may experience a

spasm of bliss, which for the instant fills his cup of delight to the brim ; but he may also experience a spasm of pain that will make all bliss seem thenceforth impossible to his hope. No, no. Sensual indulgence is all well enough, so long as it gives unmingled pleasure ; but how long is that ? Genuine pleasures must satisfy ; but these rarely fail to cloy and disgust. Genuine pleasures must be lasting ; but these are by-words of transientness. The joys of sense must be qualified, or they become pains. He that would be happy must moderate his animal desires. The condition of enjoyment is temperance ; not tripe to-day and turkey to-morrow, but steady chops and bread the week through. We can imagine with what holy wrath the ancient Epicurus would break out upon a company of his modern would-be disciples, smoking their cheroots, sucking their "cobblers," and roaring their ribald songs. "You my followers ! You the exemplars of my wise philosophy ! Go home, lewd and gluttonous knaves ; drink soda-water, eat wholesome bread and rice ; sleep on the soft side of a plank ; see if by abstinence you can get brains enough to understand the alphabet of my teaching : then know that it is not pleasure to have bloodshot eyes, a whirling brain, a nervous system racked and rickety, and intestines that are one mass of inflammation."

The wise man, says our friend, learns to discriminate in his pleasures ; he finds by experience that intellectual joys are richer than corporeal. Archimedes, on a wild winter's night, ventures out to visit his fair mistress, and on reaching the door is denied admittance by the shameless flirt. Waiting in the cold and wet till the wayward beauty should relent, the great geometer falls a thinking, and in the intense strain of a moment discovers the law of proportion between the cylinder and the sphere. Was not Archimedes happier than he would have been if his mistress had been kind ? What delights of the senses can equal the divine raptures of a cultivated mind ! To live in a world of noble thoughts ; to have the chambers of the imagination hung round with beautiful pictures ; to be able to converse with Aristotle and Zeno ; to have Pindar sing to you his lyrics, and Anacreon warble his songs ; to walk with Homer over the romantic plains of Troy, or wander

with Ulysses among the enchanting islands of the Mediterranean Sea; for the price of a single banquet with Alcibiades, to sit down to meat with Socrates, and in the divine Dialogues of Plato enjoy a feast meet for the gods,—how delicious is that! What pleasures has the lover of art, of music, painting, sculpture, poesy! And the joys of friendship,—they are beyond all count. He who has a friend, let him not envy the rich man his luxury, nor the great man his pomp, for the ecstasies of human confidence and sympathy are forever new, and there is a bliss when congenial minds encounter, which an angel might envy.

But what if this noble happiness should prove to be neither eternal nor unalloyed, as it promised? If intellectual pleasures are disturbed by doubt, mistake, fatigue; if friendship should be mixed with pain; if jealousy, anxiety, suspicion, heart-burning, steal in and poison the fountains of beatitude; if the cherished one turn cold, or die, leaving a void which “not the earth, nor the universality of worlds, no, nor the intellect that soars above and comprehends them, can fill,”—where then shall pleasure be looked for? Ah, well! sighs the gentle Epicurus, you must learn then what you can live *without*. The science of happiness is to know when to practise resignation, and what to resign. Expect nothing, and be content with it. True wealth consists not in adding to the store, but in diminishing the want. Cheap things give as much satisfaction as costly. Better than daintiest viands is the healthy hunger which changes the dish of herbs into turbot and canvas-backs. There is as much happiness in lying on the grass beneath an elm, with the murmur of running water in one’s ears, as in sitting on rich ottomans in chambers gleaming with mirrors and lighted with candelabra. A contented mind is as blithe in tweed or calico as in broadcloth and velvet. Enough is as good as a feast, and enough is easily obtained. Reduce care to its lowest point; since you must at any rate choose between evils, choose the least evil. If mental pain is worse than bodily pain, the wise man will rather be unhappy rationally than happy as a fool.

The only question in life is a question between pills and peaches. Pain is the only evil, pleasure is the only good. If

you can escape a vexation by doing a charity, by all means let the importunate beggar have his shilling and take himself off. If to escape a vexation you must do an injustice, then by all means refuse the worthy suppliant, and have done with it. "A moderate pain is a greater evil than a huge dishonor; in the dishonor itself there is no evil, only in the pain that may follow it." To suffer wrong is more grievous than to inflict it, — unless, indeed, your sin is likely to find you out; in that case change your tactics for the sake of preserving your principle, and shun the greater misery by doing the handsome thing.

But ah! my good friend Epicurus, you are dodging the main question. You have confessed that pure happiness is not to be found. The pursuit of pleasure has resolved itself into an escape from pain.

"Omni dolore carere non modo voluptas,
Verum etiam summa voluptas."

But how is pain to be escaped? The pathways of existence, by your own admission, are so strewn with thorns that no by-way is wholly smooth and grassy. In whatever garden the rose is plucked, we are constantly pricking our fingers with the thorns, or getting stung by the bees. The present is never blissful. Well, then, rejoins Epicurus, doing his best to be merry under all circumstances, if the present is painful, there is at least an escape from its pain. You can flee from the present, and take refuge in the past. All joys are pure in memory. Even muck-hills bloom when they are old. There is always an Eden behind us; and as the wise man reverts to the dear days gone by, pain vanishes from his body and sadness fades from his heart, like the mould from the Venetian palaces by moonlight. And if it be insisted that pain cannot be evaded in this way, if confessing that suffering will not always lose itself in oblivion, and grief will not down, still all escape is not cut off. As a last resort, let the mind be schooled to a calm indifference towards all earthly accidents and estates. "It is great delight," sings the Epicurean poet, Lucretius, "to occupy the serene, defended heights raised by philosophy, and thence to look down upon mankind wandering vaguely in all directions seeking happiness, disputing the palm of genius or the chimera of birth, and subjecting themselves day and night to

the most painful toils to attain fortune or fame. Miserable people! To what darkness, to what peril, do you expose these few moments of being! Do you not know what Nature insists on, — a body free from pain, a mind free from disquiet?"

Epicurus sketched his wise man after this fashion. He is ever happy, for he is lifted above the reach of necessity, and he is delivered from the caprices of fortune. He alone, as a servant of truth, has attained his freedom. He alone knows how to love his friend nobly and well. He alone, having no servile fear of the gods, is sincerely thankful. He is not driven under the yoke of superstition; he is delivered from the ignoble dread of death. In the serenity of his soul he abides unshaken by physical pain. His will is submitted to his reason, and his reason is strong enough to protect him from bitter thoughts and feelings, and to lead him towards the contemplation of purer joys. At the worst, he knows that suffering must end with existence, and when the burden becomes too heavy to carry, how easily is the quietus made with a bare bodkin! Is there not a melancholy grandeur in this antique picture of the professed pleasure-seeker, — of the man whose aim it was so to live as not to be miserable? How lofty, yet how sad! The Epicurean is already undergoing the change that shall make him almost a Stoic.

The question still lies between pills and peaches. But what if virtue presents the peaches, and vice offers the pills? If goodness pays, if justice brings satisfaction, and truth a blessing, shall not these be reckoned the best recipes for happiness? Is it not possible that even to-day a wise man may find more pleasure in lending than in borrowing, in spending than in saving, in serving than in being served. May not honesty be the best policy? May not pleasure in its intensest form be consistent with self-denial, and even with self-sacrifice? Cranmer was doubtless happier on the whole when holding his guilty hand in the scorching flame, than he would have been using it to take a bribe. Thomas More was happier laying his honored head on the block, than he would have been living as an apostate or a traitor. And so Epicurus, following out his principle through these winding passages, comes out into this great light, and announces, as the end of his long quest for peace, that there

is no happiness without virtue, that in fact virtue is happiness. Common materialists reckon physical pangs to be worse than mental; Epicurus reckoned mental pangs to be worse than physical. The beginning and end of all, he said, is reason; out of reason grow all the virtues, and these declare that a man cannot live happily without living wisely, virtuously, and uprightly; nor can one live wisely, virtuously, and uprightly without living happily. He even went so far as to say that a good man might be happy in the glowing belly of the brazen bull, in which Phalaris, the tyrant of Syracuse, was wont to roast his enemies alive. But we must not give much heed to Epicurus when he talks in this heroic strain. He means much less than his words imply. In one word, he is playing the sentimentalist here. You may be sure that his wise man would take very particular pains to keep that bull at a comfortable distance, and would rather lose any amount of virtue than the good graces of such a dangerous foe as Phalaris. Epicurus is no hero, and no believer in heroes. The martyrs to patriotism and honor are legendary personages in his eyes. If he accepts virtue, it is only as a last escape from pain. It is welcome when it will get him out of trouble; and if it will procure for him the rich perquisites of fortune, he will embrace it and call it his dear friend forevermore. Virtue, however, must never lead him into trouble. He cannot afford to lose by it or to suffer for it. He will hazard nothing in its cause, nor will he resign a single joy to possess all it has to give. Of a moral purpose, a moral ideal, he has no conception whatever; all talk of the absolute rectitude to him is absolute nonsense. Goodness is a narcotic, excellent to deaden sensibility, and superior to other narcotics in that it is more powerful. It holds the same relation to mental excitement and the relief of friendship that chloroform does to opium. Find ease; find it, if you can, in dancing and merry-making; if you cannot find it there, seek it in philosophy and friendship. If these will not answer, why, there is the frowning fortress of reason, and the cloister cell of sanctity.

But is it not clear that at this point the definite pursuit of happiness has been abandoned? Happiness, if it is anything, is the gratification of *desire*. A man who is merely unconscious of suffering is not happy. Insensibility is not bliss.

One cannot get into heaven by putting on the hide of a rhinoceros. Archimedes was not *happy*, cogitating alone in the rain, while a rival was sipping the nectar of his mistress's lips. The saint in the bull's belly could not be enjoying himself while every nerve in his frame ministered torment to him. If the Epicurean's happiness is only sour grapes, after all, we may as well spare ourselves the labor of jumping after it; let us own that our brown bread is nothing but plain brown bread, not wedding-cake at all, and let us eat it with what appetite we may, and with no wry faces.

We must, however, concede in justice that the old prophet of Athens did endeavor seriously to solve the problem of happiness. And his attempt to avoid pain did lead him into the awful presence of holiness. Without any aid from religion, a wise self-seeking did conduct him hither, and hither will it conduct others. Let our epicure take a wary and comprehensive view of life in all its relations; let him study its laws, estimate its resources, welcome its privileges, balance against each other its pains and its pleasures; let him, in one word, be a consistent sensualist, a true philosopher of the world, and he must, though he believes neither in God nor Devil, though he hopes for no heaven and fears no hell, though he knows life to be short and fleeting, a few score years and then an eternal grave,—he must, as an honest seeker for the greatest measure of happiness attainable under mortal conditions, be temperate in his desires and moderate in his indulgences,—he must be thoughtful, virtuous, and self-denying.

The Girondins sat in the midnight together at their death-banquet. The table groaned under its load of costly viands; the rarest wines blushed in the goblets. The fragrance of fruits and flowers was heavy in the prison-walls. As their last day dawned, the doomed men rose and greeted it with hymns to liberty; words of lofty cheer passed from mouth to mouth; great hopes of immortality glowed within their breasts. Vergniaud had thrown away the cowardly poison by which he had thought to avoid the shame of the public scaffold; the rest had thrown away their cowardly passions, and were in a mood to change the bloody cart into a triumphal car. Was not this death-banquet of the Girondins, in that chaotic period

of the French Revolution, not only more sublime, but more sensible, than the death-feast of the miserable voluptuaries of Alexandria, who, in the delirium of drunkenness, put an end to their wretched existence, and let the base blood in their polluted veins mingle with the generous juice of their wine-cups?

Epicurus was not blind to the dangers which might arise from the false interpretations which men at large would put upon his system. And to guard his philosophy against misconception and abuse, he brought his disciples under his personal influence, made them commit his sententious lessons to memory, and would not allow them to alter a word of his doctrines. By this means his three hundred treatises fell into oblivion and were lost, (for which, exclaims Hegel, praised be God!) but his school maintained its integrity and purity for many generations. It was a common remark, that, while many left the other schools to join that of Epicurus, the instances were rare in which any left his school to become members of the others. Pliny the elder, who lived about three hundred years after Epicurus, says that in his time the birthday of this great man was celebrated as one of the auspicious days on which the earth gave its most precious gifts to men. For many centuries schools were opened in his name over civilized Europe. In 484 we hear of Epicureans even in China. But the influence of the great master was spent at last; sensualists of every degree called themselves his followers; and the garden became literally a sty. The profligates of Charles the Second's dissolute court did themselves the honor to call Epicurus their master. At Paris, the celebrated Ninon de l'Enclos, at her residence in the Rue des Tournelles, assembled the first club of professed Epicureans. And there one might have met Madame Scarron, the Countess of Susa, the Countess of Olonne, St. Evremond, the Count of Grammont, the English poet Waller, Madame Mazarin, Madame de Lafayette, the Duc de la Rochefoucault, and other ladies and gentlemen whose writings and reputations our fathers knew better than we, and we know better than we mean our children shall. When the school was transferred to Sceaux, it gathered in all the devotees of luxury,—the Cardinal de Polignac, St. Aulaire, Fontenelle, Voltaire, the Abbé Genet, and the English

poet Hamilton. At the beginning of this century an attempt was made to revive in Paris the Epicurean school, but it failed; and Armand Gouffé, one of its leaders, wrote the last song in praise of the old master.

The modern Epicurus, in his ordinary estate, is a well-bred man of the world, with some amiable common-sense, and an unsounded capacity for enjoyment. His earthly paradise is Paris, whither, if it be not his blessedness to be born there, he loves to make an occasional pilgrimage, to dine at the *Trois Freres*, saunter along the *Boulevards des Italiens*, and drive in the *Bois de Boulogne*. If an American, he is probably a New-Yorker, and by profession almost anything you will, provided it be merely profession. You may meet Epicurus, out of business hours, on Broadway, in a print-shop or a book-store; in the evening, in his opera-box or at the club. About the details of his life there is a little mystery, which scandal has long been trying to dissipate, which charity is willing to leave undisturbed. To all appearance, his style of living is moderate and elegant; evidently arranged with a view to securing all the luxury that is consistent with agreeable physical sensations. Having no fondness for domestic cares or family responsibilities, he is by choice a bachelor, like his ancient master, though if Cupid smites him with a golden arrow, diamond-pointed, he gracefully submits to the holy bond which unites to him a woman's beauty and fortune, and consents to charge himself with the duty of preserving the one and spending the other. The social tastes of Epicurus are rather exclusive, though not perhaps strictly select. The great unwashed are his aversion; but one would judge, from two or three of his intimates, that he had no deadly antipathy to impurity so long as it did not appear on the skin. Our friend, who has travelled, observed, and meditated much, is a great philosopher. He can talk finely about the equality of human conditions, the nice distribution of happiness in every human lot, and the compensations to be found in all human estates. It is really beautiful to hear him enlarge on the simple pleasures of the poor, the immunities of the disfranchised, the privileges of the lowly, and the innocent joys of the enslaved. So profound is his faith in Providence, that he will not see that anything in the universe needs correcting. We have heard him maintain,

over his sherbet and Madeira, that the world would be well enough if men would only let it alone. He has no patience with philanthropists and reformers, he has no faith in saints and heroes, — not he : they are knaves and pretenders, all of them, — do more harm than good. As for chivalry, disinterestedness, and all that, every man of common sense knows it is nothing but self-love in showy disguise. Everybody has his price ; we all get what pleasure we can ; and we all avoid pain if we can. A great philosopher. It is astonishing what a reputation for wisdom he has acquired by simply assuming that all men are knaves, and that frailty's name is woman.

In politics, as in morals, our philosopher is conservative. In fact, he hates politics and politicians, and annually threatens to leave the country for England or France, where the government is strong enough to protect property and the rights of gentlemen from socialists and radicals. The people, he thinks, ought to be governed. Laws which the well-to-do of all time have found perfectly satisfactory, ought to be satisfactory still, and ought to be preserved by force, if need be. Once, the privileges of the finer clay were respected ; but now the earth is plagued by enthusiasts, who talk about their consciences, and are forever reminding people of certain eternal principles of equity, humanity, and the like. Nonsense. Life is a compromise, — a perpetual compromise between pains and pleasures, goods and ills. And your grand patriots and benefactors are simply men whose great luxury is the indulgence of their own self-esteem, and who “ value money and social rank less than the pleasure of venting their spleen and making a sensation.”

Epicurus is seen occasionally at the church where the best soprano in town is to be heard, and the pink of the fashion is to be seen, and he is quite sure that the preacher will say nothing to create an unpleasant sensation. No one, indeed, ever suspected him of excessive piety. Some of his friends have frankly confessed that his attachment to the forms of worship perhaps exceeded his love of religion. But it is shameful for those horribly earnest people out of doors to say, that he has no more faith in Christianity than the Grand Turk. For has he not a great dread of heresy and innovation ? Does he not abhor the New Lights ? Is he not a

stanch friend of religious institutions, and has he not often been heard to say that the Church was quite invaluable as an instrument of conservatism, as a means for keeping the ignorant and passionate under some salutary restraint? When he speaks of the impossibility of knowing anything about the secrets of the universe, and the uselessness of speculating upon the causes and essences of things, his conversation is really edifying to all comfort-loving souls. And so large is his charity, that, in his tolerance, all religions are alike to him: one is no more true or venerable than another; he has a theory that they are all, at last, the same thing. And to show that this is not mere theory, he actually changed his religion two or three times in Europe, in order to gain admission to certain holy cities and shrines belonging to the Turks. He is beneficent too. He contributed last year to the ragged schools, saying wisely, that it was better to pay a dollar for prevention than ten dollars for cure; that poor schools were cheaper than jails, and teachers less expensive than officers. It is so painful for him to contemplate suffering, that he often flings an alms to a street beggar with an air which seems to say that it costs him less to give than to refuse. He disapproves, in the abstract, of grave social wrongs, even when they do not affect himself. And such is his love of peace and quietness, that he would be glad to hang and shoot everybody who disturbs the settled tranquillity of the public mind. He is a kind, pleasant, patronizing, gracious gentleman, with the softest voice and blindest manner and handsomest words you ever knew, and it is a shame to call him a materialist and an atheist, a man of such affability and delicacy.

But Epicurus is happy, — happy in his temperament and happy in his condition, happy in his felicitous choice of amusements and of vices, happy in his felicitous escape from the curse of anxiety and care, happy in his pleasant self-esteem, and happy in the reputation he enjoys of being an estimable member of society, a patron of liberal arts, a friend of order and good morals, a moderate man shunning extremes, and exhibiting to the world the natural alliance between virtue and happiness, the entire truth of the maxim that gain is godliness.

One Peter Gassendi, a cross between a clergyman and a chemist, is the author of several books aiming to prove that the ancient Epicurus was really a very good Christian. Epicureans generally were converted to his way of thinking. But the matter still remains in dispute. Some will have it that Gassendi was quizzing, much as Hamlet quizzed Polonius. We may suppose, however, that the good man was really in earnest, though his earnestness was of rather a quaint and muddled sort. Probably he was not unlike a certain old dame who went with an ancient sister to hear a certain famous preacher, respecting whose sanctity the public opinion was much divided. As they came from the meeting-house together, both in a state of high spiritual comfort, her companion said to her, "Well now, dear me, I really do think that Mr. Proof-Text is as good as Jesus Christ." "O no," said the other, "not as good as Jesus Christ, I cannot quite think that. But let me tell you, I think he may be as good as Antichrist."

But let us not refuse his due meed of praise to the prince of Epicures for what he has done in behalf of humanity. He has taught men to look about them sagaciously and kindly, and to appreciate the privileges of their earthly existence. No matter for the stars, they are no great things; vex not yourselves about the super-celestial; strain not your eyes by vain endeavors to look into the hereafter. Star-gazers often walk into wells; dreamers and idealists and aspirants after the perfect good are apt to stumble over the little pebbles of daily duty which lie thickly upon our common walk. Enjoy the hour. Snatch the moment's satisfaction. Take such gifts as the gods send, and be thankful. Here is nectar, sip it ere its bouquet is wasted; here are flowers, pluck them while they are fragrant; here are songs, listen and sing. To-day is all the day you have. The next life is the nearest life; take it as it is, and make the most of it. The old philosopher has his mite of wisdom. Man is not like Raffaele's cherubs, all head and wings, with no convenience even for sitting down. He has a body, and a wonderful one, and every instinct in it is divine. Let us see what provision there may be for that under the sun.

And so, while Plato is devising his stately theologies, setting the stars to music, weaving the ethereal stuff of which religions

are made, fashioning out of dreams, longings, fears, anticipations, and all the invisible material of human thought, a palpable home for the human soul to dwell in;—while Zeno, the Stoic, is drilling man's will for its grand work of battling with the Devil, making systems of morals, propounding maxims of self-denial, nursing heroism, and calling upon men to be kings and priests unto themselves,—the amiable Epicurus is occupied with attempts to make life comfortable. He is the spiritual father of the great men in practical science. He is the animating soul of all labor-saving machinery; the prophet of iron, gas, electricity, of railways, ocean-steamers, lightning-presses, and magnetic telegraphs. At the bidding of his philosophy the Northern cities have summer all the winter long in their houses, and the dwellers in tropical climes cool their sherbet with crystals from frozen lakes. At his bidding the liberated spirits of the coal-mine illumine our parlors with fountains of flame. He speaks the word, and the distant river sends a rill into our chambers. Thanks to the philosopher of the world, the seamstress has found steel fingers, and need no longer sing the Song of the Shirt. The farmer on the Western prairie takes a morning's drive on his patent reaper, and sees the grain on a hundred acres fall merrily to his whistled Yankee Doodle. The invalid gets an airing in his wheel-chair without horse or servant. The bruised, the maimed, the cancerous, wander away in dreams to the Elysian Fields, and, returning, find that the offending part has been removed by the surgeon's swift and merciful knife. Great things, certainly, Epicurus and his fraternity have accomplished. Thanks to the kindly philosopher and his disciples for smoothing our track, and stuffing our carriage so handsomely; for teaching us how we may lounge and smoke while the elements are doing our work. Thanks to them for making the earth an agreeable home, instead of a desert or a dungeon. Thanks to them for their honest pursuit of temporal ease and physical comfort, for their brave experiments on human happiness. And thanks to them for their sad confession that the pursuit of earthly happiness is fruitless, that the experiments are failures, that the attempt to transform men into butterflies is resisted no less by the outward conditions of their existence than by their inborn convictions of immortality and God.

ART. II.—ERNST RIETSCHEL.

1. *Neues allgemeines Künstler-Lexicon oder Nachrichten von dem Leben und den Werken der Maler, Bildhauer, Baumeister, Kupferstecher, Formschneider, Lithographen, Zeichner, Medailleure, Elfenbeinarbeiter, etc.* Bearbeitet von DR. G. K. NAGLER. Dreizehnter Band. München: Verlag von E. A. Fleischmann. 1843. [Art. Rietschel, pp. 176–178.]
2. *Conversations-Lexicon.* Zehnte, verbesserte und vermehrte Auflage. Zwölfter Band. Leipzig: F. A. Brockhaus. 1854. [Art. Rietschel, p. 785.]
3. *Beilagen zu den Nummern 84 und 85 der Allgemeine Zeitung*, 25–26 März, 1861.

THE first week of September, 1857, was a brilliant one in the little capital of Weimar. Dull for the most part in these latter days, as if fallen asleep in musing upon those which are gone, it took on a certain brisk activity, and gayly decorated its old Stadthaus in the market-place, and the Rathhaus opposite, built over anew in the Gothic style after the fire of 1837, — whose histories, if you are curious in these matters, will carry you back four centuries and more, to the days of the Landgraf Friedrich the Simple and the vigorous times of the Holy Roman Empire. It extended its zeal too, and its green branches, to the houses in which Goethe and Schiller and Wieland and Herder once lived, in that flower-time when Germany burst fragrant into the world's history with its wreath of Weimar glories. Goethe's house was adorned with the same emblems which he himself devised in 1825, upon occasion of the half-century anniversary of the rule of Karl August, whose hundredth birthday they celebrated now this 3d of September. With that we have nothing to do. It is with the next day we are concerned for a moment, — not with the multitude which gathered in the rain round the new statue of Wieland, in the place called by his name, by Gasser of Vienna, but with that which gathers in the open space before the theatre, where stands the Dioscuri group, from which the covering is withdrawn amidst the shouts of the multitude. And RIETSCHEL's twin statues of Goethe and Schiller look down

in solemn majesty upon the upturned eager faces,—among them those of Schiller's grandchildren and Goethe's sons,—and the artist, together with Miller, the director of the famous bronze-foundry at Munich, where the statues were cast, received each, from the hands of the Grand Duke, the Order of the White Falcon; as also the last actor of Goethe's time, the court-player Genast, the great golden Service-medal. At night they lighted up the statues, and the chorus of many voices rang through the silent streets.

There was much rejoicing in Weimar in this brilliant week. For the guests who streamed thither from all parts of Germany there was a visit to the Wartburg, and a concert at which the compositions of Franz Liszt were performed under the direction of that great artist himself, and balls and illuminations. Goethe's study and sleeping-chamber, peremptorily closed to all the world for fifteen years, with the exception of his hundredth birthday in 1849, were opened now,—and an eyewitness relates how in Schiller's modest dwelling he saw a man stoop down and kiss the coverlet of the bed upon which the great poet breathed his last.

It was an affecting moment when the covering fell from the statues, and many eyes were filled with tears, says the contemporary account. United in life, united in the memory of their nation after death, now at last united in bronze, one the complement of the other, an imperial pair;—Goethe calm and full of dignity, in firm possession of the wreath which he offers to his friend; Schiller, as if in motion, ever struggling onward, reaching at last the height which Goethe has long occupied. On Goethe's face is the calm assurance of victory, while the joy of triumph just won illumines Schiller's features. It is the ideal of both lives which stands visible before you,—worthiest memorial which Weimar shall point to in the coming time of the great masters of song who have made its name immortal.

The Englishman prides himself upon his common sense, and affects to despise the Ideal. He values a thought for its utility,—the German, for its beauty. The philosopher will not quarrel with the tendency of either, but will recognize the function of both in the culture of the race. Yet how these

men of common sense are forever proving to you, in spite of themselves, that the Ideal is the Real, there occurs a notable instance in that genial gossip, Tlepolemus, who, writing of late to Irenæus about the World of Weimar,* — not that of Karl August, active, brilliant, memorable, but that of Karl Alexander, silent, faded, shadowy, — uses these words touching our Dioscuri group : —

“The statue has excited ridicule, because Goethe appears to be taking care of Schiller, or to be in a manner his keeper. But the idea is perfectly compatible with the respective characters of the poets, and with their mutual relations while alive. Goethe appears master of the world, and thoroughly at home in it. His brow is open, unabashed, and dauntless. He stands well on his legs, and his portly figure indicates a sound constitution, good lungs, and green old age. His manner is at once composed and unrestrained. He stands perfectly upright, and yet perfectly at ease. On the other hand, the position of Schiller indicates bodily languor and weakness, combined with enthusiasm and mental vigor. His breath appears to be drawn with difficulty, and his head is set somewhat forward on the shoulders. His brow and face appear illuminated with intellectual light, while the traits betray an expression of physical pain. He is in the world, but not of it; he seems to be stretching out of it in endeavor to discover the secrets of the Infinite. The one just, in fact, appears the complement of the other. They typify the two schools of classic and romantic poetry; not that they exclusively treated of subjects belonging to one or to the other, but that they treated all subjects each in his own manner, — Goethe sensuously, Schiller spiritually. The brotherly embrace of the group denotes that there can be no sharply-drawn division between the two schools, and in fact the word schools is less appropriate than that of tendencies or points of view. On the whole,” concludes our critic, with great English common-sense, “there is no doubt but that this statue greatly ornaments Weimar.” †

And now the news comes to us over the seas, that the artist to whom we owe the conception and execution of these twin statues has gone from earth. Ernst Friedrich August Rietschel died at Dresden on the 21st of February, 1861.

* Blackwood's Magazine for April, 1861, pp. 460, 461.

† It may be of interest, perhaps, to know that the whole sum contributed for these statues was \$15,905. King Ludwig of Bavaria gave the bronze, and the Grand Duke of Baden the pedestals.

We have put together the following account of him for such as feel an interest in the plastic art of Germany.

He was born in Pulsnitz, a little town in Saxony, a dozen miles or more from Dresden, on the 15th of December, 1804. His father was the sexton of the place, but of such zeal for knowledge that he is said to have copied with his own hand favorite books, which his poverty prevented him from buying, such as, among others, Bode's *Starry Heavens*. The family consisted of two daughters and this son Ernst, who was early put into a grocer's shop; but his master, finding that he could make anything but a grocer of him, advised him to seek his fortune elsewhere. From earliest childhood the boy showed a genius for drawing, but the straitened circumstances of his parents threatened to prevent him from entering upon the career for which nature had fitted him; but nature for the most part somehow taking care of her own, we find him in 1820 in the Academy of Art in Dresden. An architect from Dresden, related to some friends of the family, happened on a visit to Pulsnitz to see some of his sketches, and was so taken with them, that on his return to Dresden he acquainted Professor Seifert, Inspector of the Academy of Art, with the boy's talent. Seifert secured for him the patronage of the Cabinet-minister, the Count von Einsiedel, proprietor of the great iron and bronze foundry at Lauchhammer, and he was at once established as pupil in the Academy. His vacations were usually passed in Lauchhammer, where his endearing manners made him a great favorite, particularly in the family of the head-agent Trautscholdt, whose daughter he afterwards married. His progress in Dresden was so rapid, that in 1825 he was commissioned by his patron, the Count von Einsiedel, to execute a statue of Neptune, eight feet high, to be cast at Lauchhammer for the fountain in the market-place at Nordhausen. It was repeated in 1838 for the park of Prince Karl of Prussia at Glienicke. In after years Rietschel was fond of relating how, as yet wholly unacquainted with technical manipulation, he used to torture himself to shape his mass of clay; and how one day, to his infinite horror and despair, the great sea-god fell wholly in formless chaos. It was at this time that he gained the friend-

ship, ending only with his life, of the celebrated engraver, J. Thäter, now of Munich, — and, later, of that inimitable artist, Ludwig Richter, as also of E. Peschel.

In 1826, under the patronage of the Minister Von Einsiedel, he went to study with Rauch in Berlin. His days there were of the saddest, it is said, in his life of struggle. In a brief notice of him in an English journal,* it is said that his manners were shy, and not of a sort to win the confidence of Rauch, who treated him coldly at first; — till one day he saw him sketching a couple of heads from nature, which so delighted him that henceforth Rietschel was as a son to him. Their friendship lasted undisturbed till Rauch's death, and is said to have had the best effect upon the works of both artists. To the earnest, profound aim of Rauch to attain to the perfect truth of nature, Rietschel added the charm of the Ideal, — that poetic consecration which is as the direct gift of God.

In the second year of his residence in Berlin, he competed for the great prize, the subject of which was Penelope, represented in relief, at the moment when, disregarding the commands of her father, Icarius, she follows as a bride the departing Ulysses. His work was considered by all worthy of the prize; but, not being a Prussian, he could not take it. He received, however, the great golden medal, and, at the recommendation of the Academic Senate of Berlin, the stipend for a visit to Italy from his own government of Saxony. At this period he exhibited a model for a statue of David, which was well received. It showed great maturity of power.

In 1829 he accompanied his master to Munich, where he tarried some time, fascinated by the zeal of the artists — Cornelius, Schnorr, Hess, Klenze, Schwanthaler, and the rest — gathered around King Ludwig. Munich was winning then its fame as the capital of German Art, — a fame which, at present at least, there is little likelihood of its losing, so long as it keeps Kaulbach and recognizes Piloty. Rietschel rendered much aid to Rauch in modelling the statue of Maximilian Joseph which adorns the square in front of the New Palace in Munich, and took active part in the decoration of the pediments of the Glyptothek, modelling many of the figures.

* The Builder for 9 March, 1861, p. 157.

In the autumn of 1830 he went to Italy, tarrying longest in Rome, where was gathered then a genial company of German artists, who gave him friendly reception. There was Wilhelm Schadow and his pupils, Hildebrand, Hübner, Bendemann, — Rietschel's personal friends in Berlin. There was also Felix Mendelssohn, in the freshness of youthful vigor, to add the fascination of music to the delights of art. There was Thorwaldsen, the lion of silver mane, preserving in age the strength of youth, creating then his great Apostles, and the Christ, for Copenhagen, and the monument of Pius VIII. for St. Peters. There was Overbeck, also, just completing his sketch for his picture at Frankfort, *The Triumph of Christianity in the Arts*. But in 1831 Rietschel was obliged to return to Berlin, in order to begin in Rauch's atelier a colossal sitting statue of King Friedrich August of Saxony, called the Just, who died in 1827. He is represented as holding the sceptre and the book of the law, with four allegorical figures upon the corners of the pedestal, which was designed by Semper, typifying Mildness, Piety, Wisdom, and Justice. The sketches for these figures, for which he had received a commission before going to Italy, Rietschel had carried with him to Rome, and finished there. The severe conception, reminding you of the style of the earlier Italian sculpture, and the perfect technical execution, excited universal applause. Since Gottfried Schadow, indeed, no German sculptor has been so distinguished as Rietschel for his drawing. Almost all his sketches for reliefs are in themselves important works of art, it is claimed. Some of them, like the frieze representing the entry of Christ into Jerusalem, an early work in possession of his family, have never been executed. The Academy of Dresden has many of these sketches. The statue of Friedrich August was completed in Dresden, whither he was called in 1832 to be Professor of Sculpture in the Academy of Art. The figures were cast by Schröttel, but the casting of the statue failed for the second time in Dresden in 1840. The third casting, at Lauchhammer, succeeded. It was erected on the 7th of June, in the great square of the Zwinger. From that time till his death was a period of almost uninterrupted activity. In the Friedrichstadt in Dresden, also, there stands upon a high

granite pedestal a plain bronze bust of King Anton the Good, modelled by Rietschel for the people of that quarter of the city, who erected it on the king's eightieth birthday, in 1835.

For the pediment of the Augusteum, the University building in Leipzig, he executed several reliefs, representing allegorically the four Faculties, personified by teachers and pupils. Later, in 1838, he began for the Aula of the University a frieze containing twelve reliefs, representing the history of human culture, — the representation of the Old-Egyptian period by rolling off a colossal Sphinx, drawn by slaves, to the sound of music, being thought by those who can see into it to be very original, — as also the marble busts of the members of the royal family. On his own house he placed busts of six celebrated artists, besides executing many excellent portrait busts. He also executed for Herr von Quandt a nymph, half draped, which still adorns that gentleman's pretty park in Drittersbach.

In 1839 he finished for Fulda the statue of St. Boniface in bronze, — a notable figure, representing the Apostle holding the cross in his right hand, and the Bible in his left, — and prepared the designs for the two pediments of the theatre in Dresden. On the outside, in the niches at the entrance, are the statues of Goethe and Schiller; — in the northern pediment, which faces the Zwinger, are colossal figures in sandstone, executed after models of half life-size prepared by himself and his pupils, representing a scene from the Eumenides of Æschylus, — Orestes pursued by the Furies, — designed as a symbolic representation of dramatic art. In the southern pediment, the Muse of Music is represented in bronze upon an eagle, with other groups. Remarkable figures all, which unfortunately the distance from the observer prevents the full enjoyment of. In the interior of the theatre are also statues and reliefs by himself and Hähnel. His success in this work led to his employment upon the pediment of the new Opera House in Berlin, for which he executed the graceful group of Apollo with the Muses. The rich sculptures on the north side of the New Museum in Dresden, which combine with those of Hähnel on the south side to adorn that building with reliefs and statues in sandstone, are also by Rietschel.

In addition to his greater works, he has executed a bas-relief representing Charon, after Goethe's poem; a little statue of Ceres three feet in height, in marble; a statuette of Justice in bronze, for Duke John, in commemoration of the Landtag of 1839,—of which there exist only twelve copies, which were distributed by the Duke. In 1843 the Society of German Forestry and Agriculture resolved to erect in Leipzig a statue to Albrecht Thaer, who died in 1828,—one of the earliest to lead the way in the application of the sciences to agriculture, in extending the cultivation of the potato, in revealing the value of statistics in reference to production and profits, and in other respects to forward the fruitfulness of the earth. Rietschel was selected as the artist. His bronze statue of Thaer, eight feet in height, was erected September 28th, 1850. His fame was increased and established by his statue of Lessing, which was erected in the place called after that writer's name, in Brunswick, in 1853.

Thaer was represented with a mantle. In his statue of Lessing, Rietschel disregarded that traditional costume, last relic of a fading age, and, adopting the dress of the time, gave his subject individuality and force. The ancient costume is very well, if your subject is Cicero or a Cæsar; but when the artist presents to us an historical personage, whom we picture to ourselves always in an historical costume,—for every age has its own dress,—why conjure him up in a toga? We remember in St. Paul's Cathedral a statue of Samuel Johnson, represented in the classic way with a mantle. You hardly know the great philosopher,—so much like a wild Indian, with bare, brawny arms, half naked and half drunk. Not Boswell's Johnson this, whom we expected to meet just now at the Mitre, when we drank our beer in the dingy stillness there, hobnobbing across the years with "that strange figure, which is as familiar to us as the figures of those among whom we have been brought up,—the gigantic body, the huge, massy face, seamed with the scars of disease, the brown coat, the black worsted stockings, the gray wig with a scorched foretop,"—remembering how it is all there as it was a hundred years ago, with the three tables and the gloom and the pewter tankards;—only the age is gone. But we wander.

Not far from Regensburg, on the banks of the Donau, on a height commanding the river and the valley for many a mile, stands a marvellous structure, — a Temple built in these days to hint to you the glories of the Parthenon in the former time. It is the Walhalla, or Temple of Fame; — enough, if nothing else survived, to cause posterity to remember and talk about Klenze, the architect, and Ludwig I. of Bavaria, that munificent patron of art in our century. Among the busts there are those of the Kurfürst August II. of Saxony, and of “Dr. Martin Luther,” by Rietschel.

In 1840 he constructed the new tomb for the remains of the Margraf Diezmann, in the Church of St. Paul. The old one having been destroyed, the king had caused a new monument to be erected to the memory of his ancestor, who died in 1307. Rietschel had previously restored the beautiful Gothic portal of the Stiftskirche in Dresden.

He was a member of the Royal Academies of Dresden and Berlin. In 1851 he received an invitation to Weimar, where Karl Alexander seeks to plant a school of Art, and during the last years one to Berlin, to fill the post of Director of the Academy, made vacant by the death of his great master, Rauch. Few of his works, it is said in the article about him in Nagler’s valuable Lexicon, have been engraved. An episode only in Goethe’s *Götz von Berlichingen* is mentioned as engraved by Thäter. But eighteen years have elapsed since Nagler’s volume was printed. We are ignorant how much has been engraved in the interval. His reliefs of the Christ-Angel, of the Four Seasons, and of the Amorettes on panthers, are widely known, as well as his famous twin-statues of Goethe and Schiller.

There was a long period in his life, it is said, when Rietschel’s fame was not what it became in Germany after the exhibitions of London and Paris, — and his domestic life (he was four times married) was visited with many afflictions. It was to console his grief that he executed his *Pietà* (1844–45), one of the richest fruits of his genius, which, afterwards put into marble, was bought by Friedrich Wilhelm IV. of Prussia for the Friedenskirche in Potsdam. To the same period is to be ascribed, also, his beautiful relief of

Joseph and his Brethren, which, being still in plaster, is little known. Among his last works were his statue of Karl Weber, the celebrated composer,—who died in London in 1826, but whose remains were afterwards removed to Dresden,—which was set up in the open place before the theatre in Dresden in 1860, and the model for the colossal Brunonia in a chariot for the palace in Brunswick.

In acknowledgment of his refusal of invitations to foreign courts, the Saxon government built for his use a house and large atelier. He was destined to enjoy them only a short time. Of retiring manners, living, it is said, “with almost priestly severity” for his art, he had already been attacked by consumption in his earlier years, which he sought to ward off by a winter in Palermo. At the beginning of this year it was obvious that he could not long survive; yet he has left completed the statues of Luther and Wycliffe, for which Germany as well as Europe looked to him, for the monument which the Protestant world is to erect at Worms. That of Luther; a colossal statue, “exhibits the fruits,” it is said, “of earnest study, in which the long-cherished ideas of the master are carried out. Firm and immovable, full of inward conviction and deepest faith, stands the firm figure of the Reformer, every inch a man”;—his lips as if quivering still with the words which he uttered at Worms in 1521: “Hier stehe ich, ich kann nicht anders, Gott helfe mir! Amen!”

It was a sad thing to him that he could not live to finish his last work. Not long before his death, no longer able to descend to his atelier, and wishing once more to see his statue, they carried it into the garden, and, sitting at the window, he contemplated it a good while in silence. And when somebody asked anxiously who should finish the Luther monument, he answered, in a low but firm voice, “God will care for it.”

His two predecessors, Schwanthaler and Rauch, left Rietschel without a rival as a German sculptor;—but it is by no means certain that the next age will not put him at the head of monumental sculpture in Germany in the first half of this century. “Schwanthaler est, avant tout, Bavaois,” says a French writer, “Rauch est Prussien, mais Rietschel est Alle-

mand." The statue of Luther, says a contemporary French journal,* expresses at once the individual and national character of the German Reformer, as well as the sublime part he played in the world. "The head thrown back a little, the countenance full of fire, the lips half open, the attitude full of energy,—all recall the defender of truth, the pitiless enemy of hypocrisy and lying. The English Reformer is conceived in another spirit,—there is nothing in him to remind you of the passionate struggles of Luther. He is seated, his staff between his legs and his open Bible on one of his knees. He resembles the old man who, at the end of his journey, meditates of a summer eve the path he has travelled and the repose which he shall soon enjoy in the world which lies beyond the sunset."

A proposition has been made to form a Museum of Rietschel's works, and a committee has taken the matter in hand. The Academy of Dresden is represented on this committee by the Professors Gruner, Hähnel, Hettner, J. Hübner, and Schnorr von Carolsfeld. The object is to form a collection of copies of all the works of the master, similar to that which exists of Schwanthaler's works in Munich, of Thorwaldsen's in Copenhagen, and of Rauch's in Berlin.

On the 24th of February Rietschel was buried at Dresden with great honor. The day preceding, the remains were placed in his atelier for such as would take their last look of him, resting there from his labors, his countenance full of peace, it is said, surrounded by the creations of his genius,—the colossal statue of Luther lifting itself above his head. At his feet, among lighted candles, on white silk cushions, were the orders with which the princes of earth had decorated him,—and flowers and wreaths, last tokens of respect and love from those who mourned him. The walls were hung with black, and lofty palm-branches overshadowed the statues. After midday two professors and pupils of the Royal Academy formed the guard of honor round the bier. At eleven o'clock on the morning of Sunday, the 24th of February, there followed him to the grave, singing "*Jesus meine Zuversicht*,"

* *Revue Germanique*, for 31 March, 1861. Tom. XIV. No. 2, p. 344.

while the bells tolled sadly, a long procession, — three of his former pupils bearing on cushions before the bier his orders and a laurel wreath, — upon the bier, on a cushion which displayed the colors of the city, a fresh laurel wreath sent by its magistrate, — a military band of eighty men performing Beethoven's and Mendelssohn's funeral marches, — his pupils bearing palm-branches, ten on each side of the bier; — following it, preceded by an Adjutant of the King and the Court Marshal of the Crown Prince, came the Ministers of the State, Ambassadors, the Academic Council, Professors of the Academy, officials of the city, — all the dignity of Saxony and all the culture of Dresden, — artists, actors, writers, singers, editors, — closed by carriages containing the relatives of the deceased, together with the equipages of their Majesties, of the Crown Prince and Prince George, toward the Trinity Churchyard, where his pupils laid him in his last resting-place; his friend the Diakonus Schulze reminding them how the modesty of the master had its root in the fear of God. After brief singing, the President of the Academic Council, whose very long title is Ministerial-Director Geheimerrath Kohlschütter, pronounced a worthy funeral discourse, at the conclusion of which one of his pupils utters for all the long farewell. Then, throwing laurel wreaths and palm-branches into the grave, — fresh symbols of victory and immortality, — they dropped each a handful of earth upon them; — sad that he must go, yet proud that he belonged to them.*

* The Athenæum for June 1, 1861, reports that the task of completing the Luther monument has been intrusted to Rietschel's pupils, Herren Kietz and Dondorf, who were suggested by Rietschel himself as best able to carry out his ideas, with which they were intimately acquainted. Julius Schnorr and Hähnel will also aid them with their counsel.

ART. III.—THE ORIGIN AND COMPOSITION OF THE ACTS
OF THE APOSTLES.

1. *Paulus, der Apostel Jesu Christi.* (*Paul, the Apostle of Jesus Christ. A Contribution to a Critical History of Primitive Christianity.*) Von DR. F. C. BAUR. Stuttgart. 1845.
2. *Die Apostelgeschichte nach ihrem Inhalt und Ursprung Kritisch untersucht.* (*The Acts of the Apostles: a Critical Examination of its Origin and Contents.*) Von DR. EDUARD ZELLER. Stuttgart. 1854.
3. *Die Composition und Entstehung der Apostelgeschichte von Neuem untersucht.* (*A new Investigation of the Composition and Origin of the Acts of the Apostles.*) Von EDUARD LEKEBUSCH. Gotha. 1854.

THE events of the past, as recorded in history, unfold themselves to the mind, not in the native purity of their actual occurrence, but tinged with a coloring derived from the medium through which they are viewed. The objective sternly refuses to appear just as it is, and always steps forward clothed in a borrowed dress. It is hardly possible that anything should be looked at through a perfectly clear atmosphere, and the thoughts and emotions of the spectator will generally modify to some extent the scene before him. And if this is the case, to however small a degree, in a simple act of perception, the introduction of the additional elements of memory, judgment, the collection and arrangement of materials, will cause the subjective side of history to extend itself, and uncertainty will increase with the increasing number of the faculties requisite for the discovery of truth. We know that this doctrine may be carried so far as to lead to a scepticism utterly preclusive of knowledge, or to an idealism which should secure certainty only by renouncing the world of objective fact. But there is no need to push it to either of these extremes. The general trustworthiness of the human faculties being assumed, and honesty of purpose being conceded wherever the reverse cannot be proved, History becomes possible, though it remains difficult, and a hope is left that, by the exercise of reason and a nice power of

discriminating the true from the false, some reliable glimpses may be obtained into the actual progress of affairs in distant times.

If these remarks are well founded, it will follow that every narrative of past events must be more or less modified by the particular point of view of the narrator. It would not be difficult to show that this has been always the case. Indeed, it were much easier to multiply examples of historical works in which truth has been utterly distorted to serve a particular interest, than to name even one of which it can be said that in no instance have facts been made to bend to the preconceived views of the historian. To take a single example. In the most brilliant piece of historical composition of modern times, the "design" of the writer is apparent throughout. No perfectly successful attempt has been made to impugn the correctness of any statement in Macaulay's History of England; and yet it would be absurd to deny that the aim of the work is to exhibit in the strongest light the blessings of the Revolution, to excite the utmost abhorrence of King James and absolute government, and to kindle the warmest admiration for King William and free institutions, and that this aim has been most successfully attained.

These remarks have been suggested by the perusal of the learned and interesting works of Dr. Baur and Dr. Zeller on the Acts of the Apostles, in which, as is now well known even to those who are only moderately acquainted with recent German theology, an attempt is made to prove the presence of a *design* on the part of the Scriptural writer apart from and overruling the interests of truth. It is not our present purpose to examine this part of the question, and we must here content ourselves with saying that we are unable to receive the Tübingen view except in a very modified form. We admit, indeed, the unhistorical aspect of the earlier chapters of the Book of Acts, and cannot but acknowledge that there are traces of a disposition throughout the whole work to represent the harmonious working of the Apostolic Church as more perfect than was actually the case, as well as to ignore the historically certain fact of the opposition between the Judaic and Pauline forms of Christianity; but we would

suggest that a design of this kind might coexist with the most perfect conscientiousness on the part of the author, and even to a great extent with the correctness of the statements made. We must decline, moreover, to regard the account of the Apostolic council as a deliberate fiction, and would rather consider it as referring to an earlier visit of Paul to Jerusalem than that touched upon in the Epistle to the Galatians, with which, we admit, it cannot be identified. We dissent therefore from the Tübingen doctrine in the two important points of rejecting the notion of intentional fiction and distinguishing between the historical and unhistorical portions of the Acts. In defence of this view much might be urged, but we must for the present content ourselves with this statement of results, which we make, not from any desire to dogmatize, but as an introduction to some further questions to which we would now invite our readers' attention. These questions concern the authorship of the Acts, the materials used in its composition, the time when and the place where it was written. We cannot hope to discuss all these points fully, nor on subjects so difficult and obscure can we even promise to come to any perfectly definite conclusions. We must only endeavor to say, in the shortest compass possible, and making use of the best materials within our reach, whatever seems to us most worthy of being said about them.

That the Book of Acts is the work of one author, and not a mere collection of fragments put together by one compiler, is an essential part of that view which regards it as designed to exhibit the relations of parties in the primitive Church in the most favorable light, and to produce upon the reader's mind the most pleasing impression possible. Apart from this consideration, however, it appears to us that the unity of authorship has been clearly established, while we cannot but think that the attempts which have been made to distinguish the character and subject, and point out the limits of various documents supposed to be worked into the narrative, rest on very insufficient evidence. That the author availed himself of pre-existing materials we do not doubt, for this is not only intrinsically probable, but is supported by the writer's own testimony to his mode of proceeding in the

composition of his Gospel; nor do we deny that certain general indications of the presence of such materials may be discovered. But that a Biography of Peter was used, that a Biography of Barnabas was used, that a distinct report of a missionary journey (in Acts xiii., xiv.) and a Life of Stephen were used, cannot, we think, be satisfactorily proved. It is possible, indeed, that there were such documents, and if so, they were no doubt consulted. But their existence is mere matter of conjecture, and, without some more positive evidence than can be adduced for it, is not to be taken for granted. Arguments, indeed, may be found in abundance for believing in the presence of these or similar documents. Some of the arguments, however, which have been actually urged, are extremely feeble; and there are none, it seems to us, of sufficient weight to withstand the mass of evidence which can be arrayed in defence of a different theory. And as we rely upon this evidence for the refutation of the documentary hypothesis, rather than upon its own inherent weakness, it is of less consequence that we cannot here examine it minutely. That the Book of Acts is the work of one author, may be considered, we believe, an established result of modern criticism. Here extreme theologians on either side may join hands, and the most orthodox defenders of verbal inspiration may afford to acknowledge the services of their heterodox brethren in rescuing the integrity of a canonical book from those who would rashly mutilate the Scriptures and multiply unnecessarily the organs of divine truth.

It has been just remarked, that the Tübingen doctrine in regard to the "design" of the Acts implies unity of authorship. And this is the case no less with the modified form of that doctrine which we have adopted. For if there is traceable through the entire work a tendency to represent facts in a peculiar light, and to permit a particular view of things to predominate over any other interest, this of itself precludes any such servile use of materials as the theory we have alluded to supposes. This argument, however, we can afford to set aside. There are other indications which satisfy us that the work is the independent composition of one mind, and that, so far as written materials have been employed, they have been

so worked into the body of the history as to have become quite undistinguishable. In the first place, then, we may observe, it is generally admitted that the book sets out with the statement of a plan, and that it ends only when this plan has been accomplished. The announcement of the plan is certainly not made by the author in his own person, but no one can doubt that he contemplated the command of the risen Christ to his Apostles, directing them to be his witnesses, "both in Jerusalem, and in all Judæa, and in Samaria, and unto the uttermost part of the earth,"* as prescribing also a rule for his own guidance. This accordingly is the plan which he follows. He begins from Jerusalem and ends with Rome. It shows how the Word was first preached in the land of its birth, proceeding outwards from the ancient seat of the true religion until it reached the capital of the heathen world, the seat of all falsehood and vice, which might fairly be regarded as at the very limit of the earth.

If the announcement and fulfilment of such a plan be not incompatible with the simple selection and arrangement of materials, there are not wanting throughout the work various references to preceding and following passages which go far to show that the writer of the parts where they occur must have been acquainted with the remainder of the book. When we read, for example, in Acts xi. 16, the words, *Ἰωάννης μὲν ἐβάπτισεν ὕδατι, ὑμεῖς δὲ βαπτισθήσεσθε ἐν πνεύματι ἁγίῳ*, quoted from i. 5, and indeed with an express reference to their former occurrence in the words *Ἐμνήσθην δὲ τοῦ ῥήματος τοῦ κυρίου, ὡς ἔλεγεν*, can we have the least hesitation in affirming that the writer of the later passage was acquainted with the earlier one? There is also a plain reference in xi. 19 to viii. 4, so that we thus obtain three passages, in different parts of the book, claiming to proceed from the same author. It may be said, perhaps, that the words *Οἱ μὲν οὖν διασπαρέντες*, in xi. 19, are the beginning of a new section, and consequently the intervening section may belong to a different document. But the account of the preaching of Philip in Samaria, of the visit of Peter and John to the same city, of the conver-

* Acts i. 8.

sions of the Ethiopian eunuch and of Cornelius, and of the work of Peter at Lydda and Joppa, evidently connects itself with the first *Οἱ μὲν οὖν διασπαρέντες*, and is indeed but the detailed narrative of what is asserted in general terms in viii. 4; while the conversion of Saul, narrated in the same section and introduced in ix. 1, carries back the mind, by the use of the word *ἔτι*, to the first mention of his persecuting spirit in viii. 3; and this same narrative, again, carries us forward, by the similarity of its language, to the two later passages in which it is repeated, thus multiplying the threads which unite one portion of the work with another, and proving identity of authorship for all.

It is equally easy to show that the history of the Jerusalem council is due to the same writer as the account of the conversion of Cornelius; for not only does the address of Peter refer in general terms to this event, but the very words he uses at the Council recall forcibly an expression of his own upon occasion of his justifying himself to the Church for having eaten with Gentiles.* Nor is it of any avail to conjecture, with one critic, that the speech of Peter has been taken from a different source from that to which the remaining portion of the fifteenth chapter must be referred, for without it the history would be incomplete, and the address of James, no less than that of his brother Apostle, presupposes the conversion of Cornelius, besides referring expressly at the very outset to the remarks of the preceding speaker. And if it is clear that this record of the proceedings of the council came from the pen of the author of the earlier part of our history, it is no less clear that we are indebted to the same authority for the interview between Paul and James on occasion of the final visit of the former to Jerusalem. The Apostle is here represented as referring to the decree of the council in regard to the restrictions imposed on Gentile converts, and although this reference is certainly not conclusive on our view of the historical character of chapter xv., it is hardly to be supposed that the allusion would have been put into the mouth of the

* Cf. *δοὺς αὐτοῖς τὸ πνεῦμα τὸ ἅγιον, καθὼς καὶ ἡμῖν*, (Acts xv. 8,) with *εἰ οὖν τὴν ἴσην δωρεὰν ἔδωκεν αὐτοῖς ὁ Θεὸς ὡς καὶ ἡμῖν* (Ib. xi. 17).

Apostle had there not been a consciousness on the part of the writer that it would explain itself by means of the historical statement preceding. But in the speech of James at the council another remarkable link may be found connecting the passage when it occurs with quite a different part of the work. We mean the phrase *Μωϋσῆς κατὰ πᾶν σάββατον ἀναγινωσκόμενος*, so evidently a repetition of *τὰς φωνὰς τῶν προφητῶν τὰς κατὰ πᾶν σάββατον ἀναγινωσκομένας*,* in the address of Paul in the synagogue at Antioch in Pisidia. And in this way, it may be observed, the supposed missionary journal takes its place as part of the same original work which contains the other narratives just referred to.

There is another reference in chapter xv. to the preaching of Paul and Barnabas in Pamphylia and Pisidia. Paul proposes to his fellow-laborer to "return and visit our brethren in every city where we have preached the word of the Lord,"* and there is presently a distinct allusion to the desertion of Mark, whose companionship Paul declined, because he had "departed from them from Pamphylia, and went not with them to the work." This departure is mentioned in xiii. 13, but is not emphasized as a fault; and the reference is perhaps the more valuable for being undesigned. It would seem to be the result of a natural connection of thought, and not of any attempt a compiler might have made to bring one passage into harmony with another.

We subjoin a few other examples of the same kind. The statement, in xviii. 5, that Silas and Timotheus, coming from Macedonia, joined Paul in Corinth, refers to the message of Paul desiring them to come to him with all speed, which we find mentioned in xvii. 15. In viii. 40, we accompany Philip the deacon as far as Cæsarea, where we leave him. It can hardly be a mere coincidence that it is at Cæsarea we again meet with him in xxi. 8, where he is mentioned under the name of the Evangelist, and as one of the seven, with a clear allusion therefore to the appointment of the seven deacons recorded in chapter vi. In xxiv. 18, Paul, in his defence before Felix, pleads his peaceful observance of the rites of

* Acts xv. 21 and xiii. 27.

† Ibid. xv. 36.

his nation, as exemplified in his conduct on his arrival in Jerusalem, thus carrying us back to the event recorded at length in xxi. 26-28.

We might, without difficulty, multiply proofs of the interdependence of the different parts of our history one upon another, but the foregoing are perhaps sufficient to show that the work, on the whole, possesses a far greater degree of unity than is consistent with the theory of a mere compilation of various documents; and, indeed, so obvious are the lines of connection, that one must wonder any ingenuity should have been so perverse as to neglect them, or, being aware of their existence, seek to eliminate them. It is true, the defenders of this hypothesis may still maintain that the compiler was not so entirely subservient to his materials as not to have exercised some skill in weaving them into a consistent whole, and that, while preserving their style and contents, he may nevertheless have been careful to introduce such alterations as were necessary to give his work the appearance of consistency and orderly arrangement. But this is already a partial abandonment of the theory; for some of the arguments adduced in its defence are based just on the assumption that the compiler was the most careless of mortals, and utterly devoid of literary taste. And if, further, the claim of diversity of style should be abandoned, and the different manuscripts lying before the writer should be allowed to have been re-written, while only their substance was followed, this amounts to a total rejection of the documentary hypothesis; for we would wish it to be clearly understood that we are by no means arguing against the *use* of written sources, but only against *such* a use of them as would deprive our historian of all original merit.

In truth, however, all the proofs of unity of authorship hitherto advanced are insignificant compared with that which we have reserved for the last. We hardly know how we shall be able to do full justice to this argument without introducing matter unsuitable to the pages of a review, and occupying much more space than can be granted us for this purpose. Our attempt must be to set it forth in such a way as to permit the general reader to form some estimate of its value, while we refer the student to the valuable works whence we have de-

rived our information. According to the remarks above made, the documentary theory (as we here named it) requires, in the most modified form in which it can be held at all, a diversity of style in the Book of Acts corresponding to the diversity of materials. Does this diversity then exist? That is the simple question which we now propose to answer. It is on the answer to this question that we rely for conclusive evidence that the Apostolic history is the work of a single hand. This diversity of style, we reply, does not exist. On the contrary, there is throughout the entire work such a marked uniformity of style as to leave it no longer open to doubt that one author is responsible for all. From beginning to end of the book, in every part of it, there is found a recurrence of the same words and phrases more or less peculiar to the author, there is the same use of particles, there are the same syntactical peculiarities, there are the same modes of imparting life and animation to the narrative. The German critics who have investigated this question have not contented themselves with any mere general or superficial examination. They have done their work thoroughly. They have been most minute in their investigations, and have spared no pains to make the result as certain as possible. The student will find in M. Lekebusch's able and interesting work on the Composition of the Apostolic History, a catalogue of upwards of eight hundred words occurring in the Gospel of Luke and the Acts, and identifying these two works as the independent compositions of a single writer. Of these words, no doubt, a considerable number are not uncommon, and therefore prove nothing; and we have to join in Dr. Zeller's regret that M. Lekebusch was not more careful to point out those which are of most importance in regard to the question before us. The passages where they occur, however, will be found carefully recorded, and in the case of rare words the number of times they are to be found in the remainder of the New Testament is mentioned. Every one may thus estimate their value for himself. To that portion of Dr. Zeller's work which treats of this subject we must also refer with gratitude.

We can here do little more than give examples which may serve to indicate generally the nature of this evidence. We

have, however, selected from M. Lekebusch's catalogue all those words which, not occurring at all in any part of the Testament except the two works ascribed to Luke, are to be found *more than once* in the Acts; and we subjoin a list of them, which we believe to be complete. We will indicate by a numeral enclosed in parentheses how often the word occurs in Acts, omitting any reference to Luke.

Ἀγοραίος (2). ἀκατάκριτος (2). Ἀλεξανδρεὺς (2). ἀνάγομαι [in the sense of setting sail] (13). ἀναίρεσις (2). ἀναντίρρητος (once as adj., once as adv., 2). ἀνατρέφω (3). ἀνθίπματος (5). ἀποδέχομαι (6). ἀποπλέω (4). ἀποφθέγγομαι (3). ἀσμένως (2). ἄφνω (3). τὰ περὶ τῆς βασιλείας τοῦ Θεοῦ (3). βία (4). τὰ δεσμά (2). διάλεκτος (6). διαπονέομαι (2). διαπορέω (3). διαπρίομαι (2). διασπείρω (3). διασπορά (2). διαχειρίζομαι (2). ἐγκλημα (2). ἐκπλέω (3). ἐκτίθεμαι (4). ἐκψύχω (2). ἐνέδρα (2). ἐξῆς (3). ἔξειμι (4). ἐξωθέω (2). ἐπιβουλή (4). ἐπιδημούντες (2). τῇ ἐπιούσῃ (5). ἐπιστηρίζω (3). ἐπιφωνέω (3). ἐπιχειρέω (2). ἐσπέρα (2). εὐθυδρομέω (2). εὐλαβής (2). εὐφροσύνη (2). τῇ ἔχομένῃ (2). ζητήμα (5). καθεξῆς (3). καθίημι (3). καθότι (4). καρδιαγνώστης (2). κατασεύω (4). καταφέρω (3). μέλλω ἔσεσθαι (4). μεσημβρία (2). μετακαλέομαι (4). μεταπέμπομαι (5). νεανίας (3).* τὰ νῦν (5). ὁδός [of the Christian religion] (4). ὁθόνη (2). οὐρανόθεν (2). πατῶος (3). περιαστράπτω (2). πλοῦς (2). πνοή (2). προκηρύττω (2). προσλαλέω (2). προχειρίζομαι (3). ἔρρωσθε and ἔρρωσο (each once). στερεώω (2). στρατηγός (3). συγχύνω (4). συζήτησις (2). συμβάλλω (4). συναθροίζω (2). συναρπάζω (2). συστρέφω (2). τάραχος (2). τεσσαρακονταετῆς χρόνος (2). τιμωρέω (2). καθ' ὃν τρόπον (2). ὑπερῶον (3). ὑπηρετέω (3). ὑπονοέω (3). φοβούμενος τὸν Θεόν [of a proselyte] (2). χλευάζω (2).

It may be thought that a single word, occurring in two different passages, even though it be found nowhere else in the New Testament, can be of little weight in proving the identity of their authorship. We reply it is of *little* weight, but still of *a little*, and when it is only one of several proofs may be very serviceable. Besides, these words are scattered here and there through all parts of the book, and thus help to bring into connection the most dissimilar passages. Let us take a

* This word *νεανίας* properly occurs five times, but only in three different passages; viz., vii. 58, xx. 9, and xxiii. 17, 18, 22. We follow the same rule in regard to other words.

single section at random from the supposed missionary journal, — say xiii. 13–18. Here the very first word — ἀναχθέντες — suggests at once the subsequent account of Paul's voyages, and gives rise to a very slight probability, or rather slightly confirms the existing probability, that the earlier passage may not be wholly independent of the later one. This use of ἀνάγομαι is, no doubt, common enough in classical Greek; still, it is remarkable that it should never be found in any Gospel except that of Luke, though there was plenty of opportunity for employing the word,* and that it should be found so much oftener in Acts than the necessities of the case required. We next meet with the phrase κατασείσας τῇ χειρί, which is to be met with also xii. 17, xix. 33, xxi. 40, and nowhere else in the whole compass of the New Testament. Hence, therefore, we obtain a slight probability that the missionary journal, the biography of Peter, and the history of Paul are in reality what they seem to be, one continued narrative, due to a single historian. In the same passage we have the phrase οἱ φοβούμενοι τὸν Θεόν, which occurs twice in the account of the conversion of Cornelius, and furnishes us with another slight probability. Lastly, we have ὡς τεσσαρακονταετῇ χρόνον, identifying the author of this speech of Paul with the author of the speech of Stephen.

We have confined ourselves in these remarks to the words included in our own list; but this little passage, which we may as well adhere to for further illustration, supplies many other peculiarities. The phrase οἱ περὶ τὸν Παῦλον is without parallel in the New Testament, except in the works of Luke, where a similar one may be found twice more, and in the Gospel of Mark. Παραγίνομαι, which we meet in ver. 14, occurs eight times in Luke, twenty-one times in Acts, and only eight times in the remainder of the New Testament. Luke claims exclusive possession of τῇ ἡμέρᾳ τῶν σαββάτων, which appears four times in his Gospel, and also Acts xvi. 13. The mode of address observed here, Ἄνδρες ἀδελφοί, is frequent in the Acts. Finally, the phrase γῇ Αἴγυπτος, instead of the simple Αἴγυπτος, may be compared with γῇ Μαδιάμ and γῇ Χαλδαίων in the speech of Stephen.

* Cf. particularly Luke viii. 22 with Matt. viii. 18.

It will be seen that this little passage, comprising only six verses, supplies peculiarities which, on the one hand, separate it from all the New Testament writings except those ascribed to Luke, and, on the other hand, connect it, by however small a degree of probability, with various other parts of the work in which it occurs. Were there but one word, or one phrase, or one grammatical construction, common to this passage with the remainder of Luke's works, it would be rash to draw any conclusion from such an isolated phenomenon, and in this case the passage in question might still be set down as belonging to a distinct document, the coincidence being regarded as accidental. Even in such case, however, it would be but reasonable to throw the burden of proof on the opposite side, and ask for some evidence of diversity of style in the assumed interpolated document, as compared with other parts of the work to which it apparently belongs. But it is evident that all the similarities of expression above indicated cannot be regarded as accidental, and that with each new one the probability we would infer from their appearance increases, until with the accumulation of proofs it merges into certainty. It must be remembered, accordingly, that the six verses we have selected for illustration are only a part of a much longer passage, which no one has ever attempted to refer to different sources. Were we to point out all the peculiarities, therefore, which present themselves in the whole of the supposed missionary journal,—peculiarities which are common to it with the remaining portions of the Acts and the third Gospel,—how irresistible would be the evidence that the entire history is a consistent and uniform composition, and not a mere patchwork of various writings, marked by the idiosyncrasies and reflecting the colors of different minds!

We may now proceed to state, that besides the words peculiar to Luke, of which we have given a list above,—omitting, however, the many which occur but once,—there are also many words very frequent with him, and very rare in the other New Testament writers; and these are perhaps of still more importance for our purpose, inasmuch as they make their appearance in almost every part of his works. Thus, the word *ὁμοθυμαδόν* occurs eleven times in Acts, in different

places from the first to the nineteenth chapter, and nowhere else in the New Testament except Romans xv. 6. *Διέρχομαι* occurs twenty-one times in Acts, eleven times in Luke, and twelve times in the rest of the New Testament; *ἰκανός*, nineteen times in Acts, ten times in Luke, and twelve times in the rest of the New Testament; *ἐπικαλέομαι*, Pass., ten times in Acts, once in Luke, and three times in the rest of the New Testament. Other instances of a similar kind might be adduced, but these are perhaps the most remarkable, and may here suffice as examples.

Many other peculiarities of style, which we must not pause to notice, have been pointed out in the writings commonly ascribed to Luke. There is one, however, which, even unassisted, would be of considerable value, and which, therefore, is too important to be passed over. Alone of all the New Testament writings the book of Acts uses the particle *τε* to the same extent as the classical authors. This particle is to be found from a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty times (the reading is not always certain) in the Acts, appearing in every part of it, and fifty-three times in the remaining books of the New Testament. But we must now leave this part of our subject. We proposed only to give examples which would enable the reader to form an approximate estimate of the nature and value of the evidence capable of being adduced in defence of the theory of unity of authorship, and what has been said, it is hoped, will be sufficient for that purpose.

Turning now to the question, how far any such use of written materials as would not be incompatible with the conclusion at which we have just arrived may be discovered in the work at present under examination, we would briefly notice a few points calculated to throw light on this obscure and difficult subject. It is one remarkable result of a thorough application of the Tübingen criticism, that just those portions of the history of the primitive Church which are least historical in character are regarded as having been derived from some antecedent source, while the account of the missionary work of the Apostle Paul, and his connection with the twelve, though it contains little that can be called legendary or mythical, is thought

to have no claim to any such parentage. Perhaps it is the case that, so far as any traces can be discovered of the use of written sources, they are to be found in the earlier rather than the later portions of the book, with the exception of those passages which to all appearance rest upon the authority of an eyewitness of the events they record. Such indications, however, are so few and uncertain everywhere, that it would be hardly safe to draw any unfavorable inference from their absence in a particular part of our history; nor is it by any means impossible to account for their failure in the history of Paul without a resort to the supposition of fiction. The author, it might be said, learned to handle his materials with more masterly skill as he proceeded in his work, and permitted his style to be less influenced by that of the narrative he adopted; or, if it be not thought that his position was too remote from the time embraced in his plan, he may have relied upon traditional reports, carefully collected from those who were likely to have the best information, rather than upon any written evidence. The account of the Apostolic Council at Jerusalem certainly cannot be proved from any internal marks to rest upon documentary testimony; yet even Dr. Zeller does not sever it entirely from all written foundation. He finds its earliest and most authentic form in the Epistle to the Galatians, whence he supposes the historian of the Church to have borrowed it, in order to pervert it to his own purposes. Such a procedure, however, is hardly probable, unless indeed it be maintained that the inconsistencies between the two accounts are too unimportant to attract attention. But it is even more improbable that an event involving such important consequences, and which could not, like a poetic narrative, have grown out of the imagination without a deliberate intention to mislead, should be a pure fiction, and hence, while we retain our view before expressed of the relation of this account to the statements of Paul, and of its historical character, we entertain no doubt that it was derived from some authentic source. The apostolic letter to the churches, indeed, it must be confessed, is stamped with the idiosyncrasies of our author; but it would be quite in accordance with the freedom which he everywhere uses, if he had merely assured himself that some

such letter was actually despatched, and then composed such an one as he deemed would be most suitable to the occasion.

In regard to the earlier chapters of the Acts, it may be well to say here, as briefly as possible, what little there is to be said upon this point. The discrepancies in the account of the ascension, as compared with the Gospel of Luke, Dr. Zeller does not seem inclined to refer to any diversity of origin, but explains the postponement of this event to the fortieth day by the desire of the historian to bring it into closer connection with the day of Pentecost and the outpouring of the Spirit. In this last event, and for the appointment of Matthias to the apostolic office, he assumes the authority of an earlier document; and yet, beyond the intrinsic probability of the case, there seems to be little ground for such a conclusion. One indication, indeed, of an Aramaic origin for the account of the day of Pentecost and the address of the Apostle Peter, has been discovered in the words *λύσας τὰς ὠδῖνας τοῦ θανάτου* (having *loosed* the pains of death),* which, it is said, contain a confusion of ideas that could only have resulted from a misunderstanding of the Hebrew words *מִתְּרֵי חַיִּים* (the snares of death), which must have been quoted in the original from the Psalms.† But this proof our critic rejects, observing that a similar combination of inconsistent ideas occurs in the Septuagint translation, — *περιέσχον με ὠδῖνες θανάτου . . . ὠδῖνες ἄδου περιεκύκλωσάν με, προέφθασάν με παγίδες θανάτου*. So far as this phrase, therefore, is concerned, the address of the Apostle Peter may retain its place as a free composition; but there is one phenomenon in it which, on the other hand, seems explicable only by reference to an independent authority. The Apostle, it will be observed, takes no notice of the extraordinary miracle which had just before enabled every one present to hear his own language employed to set forth “the wonderful works of God,” although this fact might have been so easily brought forward to refute the charge of intoxication. This omission Dr. Zeller thus explains. The original Jewish-Christian source knew nothing of any miracle enabling the Apostles to speak in languages not their own, and hence the

* Acts ii. 24.

† Ps. xviii. 5.

reply of Peter, that "it was the third hour of the day," was the only possible one to the accusation that "these men are full of new wine." The historian has adopted the reply from the document before him, but has ingrafted upon the primitive narrative a fiction of his own, by which he intended to imply thus early the universal character of the new religion. Verses 6-11, therefore, with their long catalogue of nations, and their evident inconsistency with the rest of the account, may be claimed as the exclusive property of the later author, while the amazement of the assembled multitude and the mockery of a few of them descend to us from a more distant and secret source. This explanation of the obvious contradictions in the narrative of the day of Pentecost seems to us very satisfactory. Nor need we doubt that the Apostle Peter occupied the same conspicuous position in the traditional source as is assigned to him in the more finished work of later times, nor that in the former some short speech, with a refutation of the charge against himself and his brother Apostles, was put into his mouth; but we need hardly observe that the elaborate address attributed to him in the Acts is clearly the composition of the author of the whole work.

The ensuing narrative, from the healing of the lame man to the dismissal of the Apostles, at the instance of Gamaliel, from the presence of the Sanhedrim, Dr. Zeller, consistently with his theory, regards as for the most part pure fiction, though he seems to admit that the story of Ananias and Sapphira may possibly be referable to some documentary source. That this is the case, at all events with the twelfth chapter, there seems every reason to believe, and the writing which supplied its statements is thought by our critic to have suggested the twice-repeated apprehension of Peter, and one or more of his brother Apostles, in the earlier portion of the history. The execution of James, recorded in this chapter, is doubtless an historical event, and as such must have possessed written authority; and the account of the death of Herod Agrippa, confirmed as it is by Josephus, must also have been drawn from some reliable source. The imprisonment and miraculous liberation of Peter, moreover, has a dreamy coloring, which may entitle it to be regarded as a legend rather than as the product of a reflect-

ing age, and hence for this whole chapter a written foundation may be assumed. It is not the less true, however, that here, as elsewhere, traces are wanting of any influence having been exercised on the author's style by that of the documents he consulted.

The history of Stephen, however much it may seem, apart from its internal character, to stand alone, is connected by too many ties with the whole plan and direction of the work in which it appears, and is too clearly identified by its phraseology and general style as the composition of our author, not to be recognized as simply the expansion of the traditionally certain fact that the protomartyr fell in the persecution which arose against the Church in consequence of a more decidedly anti-Judaic tendency manifesting itself amongst its adherents. The remainder of the history of the primitive Church antecedent to the appearance of Paul, excepting, of course, the conversion of Cornelius, Dr. Zeller thinks may be referred to Jewish-Christian sources; and there seems to be no sufficient reason to doubt that there was written authority for the account of the preaching of the Gospel in Samaria, the missionary labors of Philip, and the visit of Peter to Lydda and Joppa. The conversion of Cornelius is regarded as a fiction, but suggested by the incident recorded in the third Gospel of the healing of the centurion's servant.

Having surveyed thus briefly the evidence in favor of the probable use of written sources, we would now direct more particular attention to a class of passages presenting a phenomenon, which, on any theory of its cause, must be thought sufficiently remarkable, and which accordingly has been the occasion of much critical ingenuity on the part of those who have attempted an explanation of it. We allude to those passages where the third person is dropped and exchanged for the first plural, and where, therefore, to all appearance, the historian himself steps forward upon the scene, and becomes an actor in the events which he has been hitherto content to regard from a distance. What is most unaccountable, however, in these reports, is that the eyewitness from whom they evidently proceed gives not the slightest warning either of his arrival or his departure. He does not say where he has been before, nor

what becomes of him afterwards. He steps in without introduction, plays his brief part, and then disappears with as little ceremony as he came. We meet with him first at Troas, not long after the introduction of Timothy into the company of Paul; hence he travels with the Apostle to Philippi, where he witnesses the cure of the unfortunate girl whose supposed inspiration was found so profitable by her masters. He does not seem, however, to have been included in the charge against the Apostle, and so disappears from view just when Paul and Silas are dragged before a heathen tribunal and beset by an exasperated mob. From this point the narrative continues as before in the third person, and for all the interesting events which take place at Athens, Corinth, Ephesus, for Paul's long residence at each of these two last-named cities, for his visit to Jerusalem, and his journey through Phrygia and Galatia, the direct testimony which would be so highly valuable is wanting, and we are frequently compelled to content ourselves with the most cursory notice, instead of a detailed narrative. After Paul's second visit to Greece, however, on his return through Macedonia, we again fall in with our eyewitness precisely at the place where we parted company with him,—at Philippi. Here he rejoins the Apostle, and returns with him to Troas. During the week spent at this place the incident about Eutychus occurs, and would seem, from the presence of the ἡμεῖς, to be certified as resting at least on some partial basis of fact. On the other hand, the "we" does not occur in the account of the interview at Miletus with the Ephesian elders, but the voyage hence to Cæsarea, with all the ports touched at between, is carefully reported, and the narrator, following Paul to Jerusalem, goes with him into the presence of James. We have the evidence of an eyewitness, therefore, for the conversation between Paul and the head of the Jerusalem Church, and there is accordingly no reason to question its substantial correctness. That it is verbally correct cannot, of course, be supposed, but it may readily be believed that an allusion was made to the decrees of the Apostolic Council, and if so, such decrees must have really existed. Dr. Zeller's rejection of the testimony of the eyewitness in this instance seems to us perverse. Upon this interview there follows a detailed account of an uproar at

Jerusalem, in which Paul would probably have been torn to pieces but for the interference of the Roman authorities, of the Apostle's appearance before the Sanhedrim, his trial at Cæsarea, and his defence before Festus and Agrippa, for which, however, it can be by no means certain that we possess the testimony of an actual spectator of the scenes described. On Paul's departure for Italy, however, his unknown companion again announces himself, and quits him no more till he is safely arrived in Rome; nor will it be forgotten what a graphic account of the shipwreck at Melita we owe to his industrious pen and descriptive power.

The first question that suggests itself in regard to those passages in which the "we" is conspicuous, is whether or not they form an exception to the rule which affirms an identity of style throughout the writings ascribed to Luke. We reply, that they form no exception to this rule, in so far as the same peculiarities of phraseology and construction are observable in them as distinguish the other parts of the work to which they belong. At the same time, Dr. Zeller has pointed out some few modes of expression which would seem to give to these passages a character of their own, and to claim for them an independent origin. The fact that the hundred verses of which they are composed contain an unusually large proportion of words peculiar to the place where they occur, and to be met with nowhere else in the New Testament, may indeed be sufficiently explained apart from the assumption of any source beyond the historian's own experience. Of such words the "we" passages contain one hundred and thirty-four, but the technicalities of a sea voyage and the disasters of a wreck could not well have been disposed of with less. But the thrice-repeated use of the word *μόλις*,* elsewhere but once employed by our author, the use of the word *χρησθαι*,† otherwise unknown to him, the mixture of two constructions involved in the phrase *ὅτι μέλλειν ἔσεσθαι*,‡ and some other instances of the same kind, cannot be so explained. Yet it must be confessed that of such examples there are few, and it seems to us doubtful whether all alleged by Dr. Zeller

* Acts xxvii. 7, 8, 16.

† Ib. xxvii. 3, 17.

‡ Ib. xxvii. 10.

are really without parallel. Such instances, however, as can be depended on, are not to be neglected ; they may rather be regarded as confirming the natural impression that there is here actual first-hand testimony to the events recorded, while at the same time they would seem to indicate a distinct authorship from that of the main body of the history for the passages in question.

But, it may be asked, is it not the *most* natural impression with regard to these passages, that the historian was really one of the companions of Paul, and that accordingly he has recourse to documentary sources only where his own experience fails him ? It must be admitted that this is the most obvious explanation of the phenomenon at present under discussion ; but we confess we lean to the belief that it is not the true one. The proofs that the writer of the Acts stood at a considerable distance from the events he narrates, are too clear and too numerous to permit us to suppose that he was a contemporary of the Apostles. Into these proofs we cannot here enter minutely, and must content ourselves with observing that Dr. Zeller, relying on the prologue to Luke's Gospel proving the antecedent existence of an evangelical literature, on the indefiniteness of the eschatological passages in Luke as compared with those in Matthew indicating the expiration of the time at which the Messiah should have re-appeared, on the relative position of the Jewish-Christian and heathen-Christian parties represented in the Acts as so much less antagonistic than was actually the case in the Apostolic age and for some time after it, and on various other evidences which cannot here be even alluded to, fixes the date of the work between 110 and 125 A. D. If so late a date, then, must be assigned to it, or even if it were possible to place it twenty years earlier, we should still have to conclude that the itinerary employed for the narrative of Paul's journeys was only one of the sources used by the historian, and that, in order to make its value apparent, he has allowed himself to handle it somewhat less freely than any other materials employed, taking especial care to leave unaltered the one distinguishing mark which stamped it as the testimony of an actor in the scenes described. The style of Luke in these passages, however, will necessitate the con-

clusion, that for the most part their substance only has been incorporated in the complete work, while here and there some verbal peculiarities have been allowed to remain, and the plural form designedly preserved.

That the narrative characterized by the use of the first person did not proceed originally from the historian himself, but from one of the Apostle's fellow-travellers, whose report he has borrowed, has long been a favorite hypothesis, and may fairly demand from us some further consideration. This hypothesis, indeed, as generally held, is a part of the documentary theory, and therefore requires, what we have already shown to be but very partially the case, that the passages composing the journal or note-book supposed to rest at the foundation of the account of Paul's voyages should contain a style of their own, distinguishing them from the composition of the historian in whose work they have been embodied; but it may serve to confirm our previous conclusions, if, passing over this defect, we examine the hypothesis on its own merits, and point out some of the inconsistencies which it involves. The result of our examination will be to show that no medium exists between the first impression which the phenomena in question are calculated to produce, that the historian was in reality an actor in some of the scenes he describes, and the conclusion of recent criticism that he wished to be thought so.

The two most important forms which the hypothesis we allude to has assumed — that, namely, which refers the "we" passages to Timothy, and that which makes Silas their author — may be reviewed together; for the objections applicable to one will be found equally to affect them both. The fact that the eyewitness appears upon the scene almost immediately after the first introduction of Timothy, has been regarded as strongly favoring the claims of the latter, and his youth and yet immature power of giving offence to the enemies of the faith have been made the excuse for his withdrawal on the apprehension of his two more prominent companions. But to this argument, which rests solely on the proximity of the change in the form of the narrative to the first mention of Timothy, there is this very obvious reply. The two things, however near, are *not* coincident; for the young convert joins the

Apostle at Lystra, and the narrative changes its form on the arrival of the travellers at Troas.* Meanwhile Timothy had accompanied Paul through Phrygia and Galatia, of which journey we have only the briefest notice, and not such a detailed account as the hypothesis we are considering would lead us to expect. To account for this remarkable omission it must be assumed, either that no report of this, his first journey in the society of the great Apostle, was preserved by the young disciple from Lystra, except the few words which occur in the Acts, or that such an account was kept, but for some unknown reason was omitted by the historian. Both of these assumptions, however, are perfectly arbitrary, and it remains therefore to conclude that Paul was joined by some new follower at Troas, who accompanied him to Philippi, and remained there after his departure. This argument, it will be observed, is no less fatal to the pretensions of Silas, who had been with the Apostle from the very beginning of his journey, and therefore previous to the meeting with Timothy. No reason can be assigned why either of them should have commenced his report from Troas, or, if they had kept a record of events prior to that date, why the historian should have neglected the valuable information thus ready to his hand.

The mysterious subject of our investigation would seem, as we have just observed, to have been left behind at Philippi; for at this place he disappears, and is heard of no more until Paul's return thither. But this was the case with neither Silas nor Timothy. They are both met with in the Apostle's company at Berea, and are frequently with him in his further wanderings. If therefore the claims of either are to be maintained, the discontinuance of the plural form in connection with the very same town at which it is afterwards resumed must be regarded as an extraordinary coincidence, but otherwise without significance, unless, indeed, it be said that the mere mention of Philippi irresistibly suggested to the historian a recurrence to his former practice. Admitting, then, that the natural inference may be a mistake, and that, notwithstanding appearances to the contrary, Timothy, who did not

* Acts xvi. 1, 10.

remain at Philippi, may be the original author of the account of the voyage from Troas, the interesting narrative which follows* can, of course, be assigned to no one else; for it would be absurd to suppose that a constant companion of Paul should have omitted the most important passages in his history, while recording events of comparatively trifling value. This result has generally been accepted by the advocates of the Timothy and Silas hypotheses, who accordingly have maintained that the narrative falling between the first and second "we" passage is due to the writer of these passages themselves.

The arguments alleged in support of the position that this narrative comes from Timothy, have been unfortunate. It has been said, for example, that wherever his name is introduced the descriptions are peculiarly graphic, and that with his appearance a greater degree of minuteness at once takes the place of the cursory statement elsewhere found. So far, however, is this from being the case, that those scenes which are depicted in the most glowing colors, and which, from their graphic power, might most readily be supposed to have been drawn from life, are precisely the scenes from which Timothy was absent, while, on the other hand, those periods of which all details are wanting are precisely the periods during which Timothy acts in company with the Apostle. It was while Paul waited for his two companions at Athens, that "his spirit was stirred in him," and that his discourse was delivered on the Areopagus.† And it was immediately after the departure of Timothy for Macedonia that the excitement began in Ephesus which led to the tumult in the theatre.‡ But during Paul's residence at Corinth, extending over a year and six months,§ of which we have no details except the account of his trial before Gallio, and during the two years and three months spent at Ephesus || previous to the disturbances occasioned by Demetrius, it is probable that the Apostle was attended by both Timothy and Silas. There is, besides, another fact by which the claims of the former would seem to be expressly excluded, namely, that his movements, as known to us from other sources, were not

* Acts xvii. 1 — xx. 4.

§ Ib. xviii. 11.

† Ib. xvii. 16.

|| Ib. xix. 8 — 10.

‡ Ib. xix. 22, 23.

fully understood by the writer of this portion of our narrative. No mention whatever is made of his having joined Paul at Athens, and we are led to suppose that it was first at Corinth that any meeting took place between the Apostle and his young disciple. That such was not the case, however, is known to us from the First Epistle to the Thessalonians, from which it would appear that Paul's message to Silas and Timotheus, at this time at Berea, to come to him with all speed, was at once complied with, at least on the part of the latter, that Paul then sent him back to Thessalonica and proceeded to Corinth alone, where he was eventually joined by his two companions.* In opposition to these facts, we conceive, it can be of little consequence that the proceedings at Thessalonica are recorded with some degree of detail,† or that on the mention of the arrival of Timothy and Silas at Corinth ‡ the narrative becomes more particular, and assumes a more life-like character than belongs to the general statement immediately preceding. Hence we are disposed to think that nothing can be found in this entire section to connect it with any of Paul's companions as even the probable author, and that Timothy, at all events, has no title to be regarded as the writer of a report which betrays an ignorance of some of his own proceedings.

With the second "we" passage the case is no less clear. Several of Paul's fellow-travellers are mentioned by name as having accompanied him as far as Asia, and amongst them is the name of Timothy. "These," it is added, "going before, waited for us in Troas." § Now, as Troas was not included in the New Testament Asia, there can be no difficulty in understanding how it might be said that certain persons "accompanied" Paul to Asia, although they performed the journey as far as Troas by themselves; and hence there can be no reason for rejecting the obvious sense of the words, according to which the οὗτοι προέλθοντες would include all the persons enumerated. Nor need it cause any offence if some went even farther than Asia, and never left the Apostle's side until he arrived at the Jewish metropolis; for the sentence would be suffi-

* Cf. Acts xviii. 5, and 1 Thess. iii. 1, 2.

† Ib. xviii. 5.

‡ Acts xvii. 1 - 9.

§ Ib. xx. 4, 5.

ciently accurate if all had gone as far as the place indicated, even though one or two had pursued their journey beyond. If, however, ἄχρι τῆς Ἀσίας be a gloss, as Lekebusch thinks, any difficulty which the words might occasion would be completely removed, and thus no doubt would remain that Timothy was included in the οὗτοι. To refer this word merely to Tychicus and Trophimus seems a very unwarrantable proceeding; and yet the advocates of Timothy, not satisfied with this, have found a further support for their hypothesis in the modest place occupied by his name. Paul's other companions, it is argued, are introduced with some circumstance, their native place being mentioned, while for Timothy alone the mere name is deemed sufficient. Such an argument, however, can avail little, when we remember that the young disciple of Lystra has been already introduced with every needful particular, and is by this time sufficiently known to the reader to make it possible to dispense with any further description. Henceforward the name of Timothy occurs no more, and that of Silas disappears at a still earlier period; nor are we aware that any argument in favor of the latter has been discovered in the later history of Paul's journeys. At all events, if it is clear that so far we are indebted to neither of them, nothing more need be said; for the remainder of the passages where the first person is used cannot be assigned to any other than the author of those already considered.

Indeed, the whole of this hypothesis assumes, as essential to its very existence, the most extraordinary and unaccountable negligence on the part of the compiler of the Acts. It represents him as having before him a personal narrative which he proposed to introduce into his history, and assumes that, instead of copying this narrative word for word, either retaining the first person consistently throughout, or consistently substituting for it the name of the narrator, he sometimes does the one and sometimes the other, now using the first person which he had before him, and now, without any reason for the change, altering it into the third. Where the first change takes place, in xvi. 10, it was supposed by Schleiermacher that in the preceding verses the ἐγώ or ἡμεῖς of the original manuscript was carefully altered, but the author, finding this a

troublesome task, soon abandoned it, and let the first person stand wherever it appeared in his original. This explanation, however, has not been favorably received, on account of the difficulty of supposing that an accomplished writer, like the author of the third Gospel and the Book of Acts, could have shrunk from so simple a task as that of converting one personal form into another some half-dozen times consecutively; and accordingly another mode of accounting for this inconsistency has been to refer it to the forgetfulness of the writer. The absurdity of this explanation hardly requires it to be pointed out. Is it to be supposed, asks M. Lekebusch, who has very ably and very fully discussed this part of our subject, that the writer could have been so deeply immersed in the task of copying down what lay before him, as to have inadvertently made himself a companion of Paul into distant lands, though he had really never been anything of the kind? And is it conceivable that such inadvertence should have twice more seized on the unhappy man, and in such a way as to extend the error over still increasing periods of time? It is remarkable, too, how an *ἐγώ* in the original would seem always to have reminded our author that he was merely transcribing the experience of another, and not giving his own; for the first person singular nowhere occurs in his history, but is always altered into the name of the original writer. But enough has been said to illustrate the inconsistencies involved in this now exploded hypothesis, and we must hasten on to make one or two concluding remarks.

If the Tübingen view of the composition and character of the Acts be just, the authorship of that work must of course remain in obscurity. If it be mistaken, and the position that the writer of the whole book was himself the companion of Paul, who recorded from memory much of the Apostle's later history, can be maintained, then Luke may be regarded as both the earlier companion of Paul and the later historian of the Church. But, in either case, Luke may be the author of the personal narrative embodied in the later work. He may have remained at Philippi, and there again joined the Apostle. He was certainly with Paul in Rome, and may have made the journey thither in his company, following his fortunes and sharing

his perils. His brief record may have been left as a valuable contribution to the history of those remarkable times, and may have been subsequently worked into the earliest history of the Church by its unknown author, who was content to sacrifice his own fame for the sake of another, while his experienced pen imparted to the rough notes of "the beloved physician" a chaster style and a more classic air than could have been attained amid the fatigues of travel, the fear of persecution, and the duties of a profession. The fact that Luke especially was singled out as the author of the Apostolic history thus rests on some internal ground, and it is easy to conceive that the claim he was known to possess to a part of the work would very soon be extended to the whole; nor is it improbable that from the very first it was assigned to him with the full consent of the real author. This hypothesis, we think, sufficiently explains all the facts of the case, and accepts the testimony of a professed eyewitness, without insisting on the historical character of events which can bring no such evidence in their favor, or denying the conciliatory design traceable through the entire work.

Little space is now left us to enter on the question where the Book of Acts was composed. We will only say that both Zeller and Lekebusch indicate Rome as the most probable seat of its origin, — the one founding his belief chiefly on the Pauline tendency of the work, which was most likely to be put forward in a city where Jewish-Christian prejudices prevailed so strongly, and the other on the omission of all particulars regarding Paul's labors there, as though they were already known to the readers of the work. For ourselves, we confess this latter argument has no weight, nor can we feel the difficulty that is generally felt about the conclusion of the Acts. The author's mode of narration here is quite parallel to that which he follows upon other occasions, where he records at length the events of a single day, and then leaves it to the reader's imagination to fill up in a similar manner the remainder of a long space of time during which the Apostle continues in one place.* Besides, the arrival of Paul at Rome com-

* Comp. Acts xxviii. 17-31 with Acts xviii. 5-11 and xix. 8-10.

pleted the proposed plan of his history, and here he properly concludes. Other indications, however, of a Roman origin have been pointed out, which we cannot here examine. On the whole, the probability may be allowed to be in favor of the capital of the world.

We have now ended our remarks; and, although it has been impossible to accord a full examination to any of the questions on which we have touched, we hope that what has been said may not be wholly ineffectual in drawing some attention to a class of inquiry too much neglected amid the practical life which sometimes threatens to absorb all the mental activity of our times.

ART. IV.—THE STUDY AND PRACTICE OF ART IN AMERICA.

Art Studies: The Old Masters of Italy; Painting. By JAMES JACKSON JARVES. New York: Derby and Jackson. 1861.

WE may not be ready to be as polite as that lover of Art who used to take off his hat to every Italian image-seller he met. But the spirit of his courteous action is dear to every one who thinks that Art has something to do at present in this country, to adorn the people's homes and thoughts, and give them outlooks from work-day concerns, and also something in future, to educate them into a wiser appreciation of its benefits and a more generous allowance of its claims. He is a benefactor who, by furnishing, in some form of Art, ever so little of beauty, is nurturing the sense of the beautiful, and starting a feeling for Art in the American bare homes and unadorned life. We ought not quite despise even those mild-featured but fierce-spotted cats which our Italian friend hawks about the country, nor those plaster pyramids of very yellow lemons and very red tomatoes, for they are the fetiches of Art, prophetic of better things, by and by, to answer a more refined and intelligent want. For, as the savage presently gives up his black stone and Mumbo-jumbo for a more

shapely symbol and more orderly worship, so the Yankee will not rest long content, in Egyptian darkness, to reverence cats, or to feed his sense of beauty with plaster vegetables. The way is long from these to Phidias, but the journey is sure, if not for individuals, then for generations. Therefore in just sequence follow casts of firemen, fisher-boys, infant Samuels, guardian angels, and the like, which, by natural selection, are preserved on the parlor-mantel or spare-room bureau, while those first rude symbols of Art perish, — the yellow and red of the fruit-piece growing dull, and the gentle-truculent puss changing her spots on the kitchen-dresser, — taking their fated road to the “dumb forgetfulness” of the rubbish-heap.

They are, however, but leading the way thither for their supplanters. Mr. Darwin's principle is all-powerful here, however it may be in physiology, and it is inexorable. Finer and stronger specimens of Art-development carry the day. The hawker of casts has to bear about on his board much finer things, which both satisfy and create finer wants. How common, for example, those bas-reliefs of Thorwaldsen are becoming, — the Night, the very plumes of whose wings look full of sleep as they lie along in quiet, level lines, and the Morning, whose lifted and swift pinions seem full of the life and joy of the coming light. We now buy for a song that bust of Clyte, with the bending, languid grace of some superb flower about it, which people make pilgrimages to the British Museum to see in the original marble, and remember there how the enthusiastic owner was wont to call it his wife, and saved it first of all his goods when his house was on fire. A trifle will get the Venus, too, which Clive Newcome calls “our sovereign Lady of Milo,” and sundry women slanderously affirm to be, for her intellectual dignity, woman's own type of womanly beauty, as the Medicean, for her soft, sensuous charm, is man's. It costs but little to own also the wonderful beauty of that head — called by the critics both an Ariadne and a Bacchus — which some hold to be the very type-head of all Grecian Art, so admirably are joined in its exquisite lines the characteristic graces of lovely male and female youth. Whoever has these in his house is rich. And we rejoice that such things are common and within the

reach of those who care for them. Even those who get them simply because their friends and neighbors own them, unwittingly bring home delight to their eyes and wisdom to their minds. We cannot quite go along with Mr. Ruskin, in the fear which he expresses, in one of his Manchester lectures, that noble Art may be made too common by multiplying its works among the people. At any rate his arguments do not fit this time and region.

When such things are sold in the city streets and country roads, then the enthusiast must be pardoned who, in intention if not in deed, takes off his hat to their dark-faced, plaster-stained, picturesque vender. For he sees in him what Mr. Emerson finds in the flowers, the proud assertion that one ray of beauty outvalues all the utilities of the world. The suspicious constable or smug trader may call him lazy rogue. But how various his employment whom the world calls idle! Besides, this Bohemian business is not the less important because the thrifty frown upon it, and the political economist counts it out of his calculations. This foreign loafer, to whom an inscrutable Providence has denied the native American speech and the anxious look and nervous ways of New England, is the softener of our manners, — *emollit mores*, — and is our teacher in those ingenuous arts whose knowledge and practice befit the free-born. Therefore, whether prudently yielding to Yankee prejudice, and, against his better sense, compromising beauty with use, by making his Floras and Cereses hold candlesticks in lieu of the symbolic flowers and sheaves, or leading popular taste and anticipating its desire with the incorrupt and single beauty of the Apollo and Psyche of Naples, this exile should be held in honor. Though his strident cry of “eemagees” is a bore and torment, and there is reason to fear his fine Southern rectitude may have been bent near the trickish level of Northern pedlers, yet let it be borne in mind that the round and sweet quality peculiar to the American voice is not the equal boon to all nations, and that there are none so good manners that communication with evil may not corrupt them. So let him be saluted, if not by hat, yet in thought, as he passes with his board of casts. For may we not see in him the handy repre-

sentative of the satisfactions which, in some rude or fine shape, must wait upon the common wish of the eye and need of the heart for beauty? Let him stand for the humble type of the supply which rises, in some form, low or high, to fill the demand, variously made, for manifestations of the power of Art to please the sight, to culture the intellect, to ennoble the heart.

We are aware that the humbleness of the representative we have chosen may be held to represent also the meagreness of the demand and the poor quality of it. The fact, however, of a demand is all that is needed, because it is expressly one that will grow by what it feeds on. The time of this present writing is one, to be sure, when arts as well as laws are silenced by the prevailing din of arms. To speak or to listen to claims in their behalf may seem an impertinence before the instant exigency and absorbing excitement of the day. And, not to dwell upon this, we must admit, too, the constant and general prepossession of attention, energy, and means among us toward science, politics, and trade. We ought to go further, and say that this is the right and good thing for our land, as it is plainly also the inevitable condition of our people. For, as the glorious times of superb bloom and generous fruitage of Art — like the age of Pericles for the Greeks and the sixteenth century for the Italians and Germans — were in course of Nature and by ordering of Providence, so it is the necessary and providential state when thought and purpose flower out into less lovely forms, which may still promise as large and precious harvest to national and civic life and character. Even when the time bears the blood-red blossom of war, the divine nurture and process in its growing, if to sentiment less plain, are to reason as sure as in the springing of the white lilies of peace. Past history and that which is passing can be rightly interpreted only by the canon, "that what has happened, and is happening every day, is not only not 'without God,' but is essentially His work." Complaint, therefore, may be too loud of the prevailing scientific, critical bent of thought, and the positive, practical conclusions of the general purpose and will. Much as we believe in the importance of the present work and study of Art in this country, and eagerly greet all apt means

to its progress in the understanding and affection of the people, and to its encouragement by the state, we hold in some disfavor the wonted grumbling of dilettanteism over the determined dulness of this nation to the rights of Art, and its present invincible disregard of its duty in regard to them. Much, too, as we look forward with just enthusiasm and confidence to a future for Art of signal honor and success, we could still, upon occasion, be equally enthusiastic and confident about this contrary prepossession. For it is a hearty interest Americans should take in the eminent working out by America of ultimate questions in scientific research and progress, in commercial economics and welfare, and in political conduct and destiny. They are prime interests of civilization. They have chronological precedence, if not logical privilege and honor, before the refining influence of Art. In the lawful attention given to those, the interests of this may well be postponed, and wait to be largely recognized and generously furthered. They are surely such as can bide their time. Those who have taken them to heart, in the bright future prophesied by the friends of science and literature, by the princes of commerce, by the leaders of politics, for what engages their hope and faith, foresee the power and glory of that whose success they look forward to and trust in. The lovers of Art know what other factor must enter into the account to make up the sum of the national future. They who are practising or studying it predict what fourth ray must mingle with this triple brightness to complete the lustre of the American state. The refined gold of the coming time will be, not gilded surely, but bejewelled with the preciousness of Art. For whereas of poverty-stricken and base Art it is the certain business to prank national shabbiness with poor masks and superfluity of decoration, and to match a boastful and vainglorious spirit in a people with pretence and falseness in itself, it is the true work and sure joy and inevitable issue of good Art to set off essential nobleness in a state with correspondent greatness in itself, to do nothing for vanity's sake but all for honor's, and adorn national magnanimity with costly proof of its own sympathetic generosity. The friends and lovers of it by faith foretell, under whatever present discouragement, its progress here and tri-

umph. Meanwhile they have to see how small its beginnings are, and how slow its advance. The analogy is only too plain of the general unintelligence and lack of culture in respect to it, with the wide and untamed lands which characterize our domain. It is a raw soil to be dealt with, and a slow, encumbered labor to be undertaken. So much the more is cheerfulness under present conditions praiseworthy in the artist and the student. And patience is needed, with forecasting trust that what is done faithfully in the practical work of Art, and what is studied wisely in the history or the theory of it, must avail something to the good end and the bright glory in view.

It will be a long day before the Council of free Boston or Chicago do what the Council of free Florence did in ordering Arnolfo, the architect of the commune, in these memorable terms, "to prepare the design for the rebuilding of Santa Reparata in such supreme and lavish magnificence, that neither the industry nor the capacity of man shall be able to devise anything more grand or more beautiful; inasmuch as the more judicious in this city have pronounced the opinion, in public and private conferences, that no work of the commune should be undertaken, unless the design be to make it correspondent with a heart which is of the greatest nature, because composed of the spirit of many citizens united together in one single will." The just sequel of such an order is the Cathedral, fitly set off by the Campanile which Giotto built, as if it were to be looked at only on feast-days, and crowned with the Dome, near which Michel Angelo ordered they should bury him, "that I may always," he said, "gaze at the work of Brunelleschi." The times will not this long while yet hint at civic magnanimity and wisdom which will plan and command like this for the benefit and adorning of the commonwealth. We do not hope to see the citizens of New York name their Tenth Street the "Joyous Quarter," and perhaps Mr. Page's pictures are not quite the things to be borne, with triumphal shouts and garlands, from the studio down Broadway to Trinity. Nor can we look forward to San Francisco's becoming a sanctuary of religious art, like the village of its namesake, no more its patron saint, in Italy.

Still there is promise for Art here patent, not needing to be searched for. Take an account of stock, and is there not good encouragement to its friends and followers in all the various directions of its power? We will enter here a general statement of the case in regard to the practice of it, which we will follow up by a notice of what Mr. Jarves, in his new book, has done for the study of it.

The title of his book would confine us to treat simply of the practice and study of the art of painting. But our theme permits a word upon the kindred arts of music, sculpture, and architecture. In order to any signal national repute and success in these, much wider interest and wiser study are needed. But the claim may be, with good reason, put in, that such study and interest as have been given have borne fruit measurably valuable and good.

Musically, the past generation was in Egypt. Their children have come into the promised land; and, under the leading of Beethoven and Mozart, Chopin and Franz, Handel and Mendelssohn, Wagner and Schumann, are driving out the barbarian and profane. They who remember back hardly a score of years are those who have seen music enter into its rights. And it is a most auspicious sign that this art takes, in general attention and liking, precedence of the rest. For its forms and modes of expression are of a very refined sort. It is the most subtile language which can utter itself to sense or feeling. It is, as it were, the spiritual speech, beside whose potent appeals and delicate persuasions colors and lines address themselves with uncertain power. The great masters of it are interpreted now in excellent fashion among us, and are appreciatively estimated and enjoyed. It is worth mentioning here, that an earlier and heartier recognition of the supreme merit of Beethoven was given in New England than in Old England; just as Coleridge and Wordsworth were here welcomed before they were greeted in their own home. The fact tells well for the ability of this people to know and value the best things in Art, when they are once presented. There are critics among us, and writers upon music, who rank among the best. Native composers, like Fry and Wallace, and such as we ourselves esteem of any account, deserve and have a good position in

contemporary musical art by the side of their European fellows. Our young artists have still to go abroad to the *conservatoire* or *akademie*, but the omens look more and more favorable for good schools and genial musical education here. The best singers and *virtuosi* of the world have taught us what to demand of opera and concert performances. Here is admirable progress for so short a time, and it holds out good promise for the future of music in America.

Of the study and present practice of the art of sculpture with us, we have to say, that, if the criticism is to be trusted which comes from abroad, our new nation and adolescent life have little more for which to blame themselves — as they certainly have nothing more for which they may be praised — than older countries and riper culture. With the Greek sculptures before our eyes, or with the memory of them present to the mind's eye, it is hard not to drift towards the opinion of Miriam, in "The Marble Faun," that "sculpture has no longer a right to claim any place among living arts; it has fairly wrought itself out and come to an end." Yet when we remember how the old life did stir again in new forms, by the genius and under the hand of certain mediæval artists, there is cause to think the book of this art not finally closed, and, with Kenyon, to hope that "future sculptors will revive this noblest of the beautiful arts, and people the world with new shapes of delicate grace and massive grandeur." But we must also say, with him, that, in fine, as regards the actual state of the art, it is, with the exception of some portrait-busts and certain decorative sculptures, largely a plagiarism.

A student of the ancient sculpture, finding a spirit and worth in it which it seems not daring to call divine, may be pardoned if, out of a just enthusiasm for their matchless excellence, he declares the account of plastic art to be finished with these works of final beauty and sublimity, and believes that Providence, in saving them from the wreck of time, saved all that is needful for the world's instruction and delight, as far as this art can teach and charm in all time. He has heard it said, that about all the sculptures have been restored to us which, in old documents, are recorded as holding the highest place in the esteem of the time and the people which

saw them fresh from the chisel, and were so sensitive to what was truly and completely admirable in this art. And it hardly seems fanciful to him to find something exceptional and marvellous in this preservation of the old works, and to adopt the pleasant superstition that it happened by peculiar foresight and careful painstaking, as an immediate and special grace. That they are the constant grand provocation to artists is not a matter of wonder to him. But he thinks they must also be the constant rebuke of their impotent inventions. He believes that theirs is an invitation not to be resisted by any who feels the plastic spirit moving in his brain and the plastic skill stirring in his hand, but that theirs is the fatal sentence too upon all this modern insufficiency. To this classic purist it does not seem necessary to be born, like Winckelmann, a Greek out of due time, but simply a New-Englander, with the native keen eye and common-sense, to conclude that, in contrast with the antique, the sculpture of to-day, from American or European hands, adds but little to the sum given by Art of deep instruction and pleasure. Seated in some gallery, with a choice collection about him of casts from the antique, and enjoying the perfect repose and almost supernal calm of their presence, — the serenity, but not the coldness, of Epicurus's gods, — he is not to be blamed if he is simply impatient, since it is so hard not to be scornful, of the intrusive follies and weaknesses of the moderns there. Why should they find entrance into this august company, these loutish Tam o' Shanter and grimacing Widow Wadmans, these smirking Dancing Girls and vapid Ganymedes? — unless, indeed, to mark what a gulf lies between the old ideal and the new baseness and caricature.

But before our fanatical friend leaves the gallery, he stops perhaps before those sublime forms from the Medici Chapel, which hold all who stop more closely than the "glittering eye" held the wedding-guest, or he looks over photographs of bas-reliefs from some mediæval cathedral, or of some work of Donatello or Niccola Pisano. Then, though with cause so determined a praiser of the past time, he will confess that the line of great sculptors did not close with the masters of the classic age, and will trust that, as Christian history and faith surely

did have once, so they may again have masters of true genius, whose works shall own a vital worth and a lasting date. Certainly there is a comparative poverty in the sculpture of our times. Facility and talent, sensitiveness to classic beauty and obedience to formal rules deduced from it, intellect clear enough and sentiment pure and tender enough have gone, with other proper qualities, to produce works sufficiently effective and pleasing. But the inspiration has not been present of that all-compelling imagination and creative genius apt to immortal works. The verdict then is easy which secludes the supremacy of this art in the past, and condemns our future to the mediocrity of it. Yet it is hardly safe criticism. It smacks of the critic being quite overborne by the surpassing power and beauty of the old thus to confine all possible excellence to that age. While it is mere fondness to prophesy works which will put into the shade all that has ever yet been done and seen, it is mere dogmatism to protest that nothing can be looked for beside present meagreness, continued in one long, dull succession. Nature breaks the mould, they say, when she has made a Phidias or a Michel Angelo. We dare say she does. At any rate she does not give any such imperial men to serve Art now. But it is not wise to distrust her energy and will to bring to the casting as precious material as ever, and to furnish just as gracious and majestic, though different, forms of artistic capacity. She will not repeat herself, and, in her manifold beneficence, refuses to use the old mould. But she may show an equal care and cunning, and a purpose as wise and grand, in carving out the new. The great art critic of England thinks there are many Leonardos and Turners in the crowd of craftsmen and traders, — undeveloped, as God brings only one out of myriad orchard-blooms to luscious fruit and generative seed. Who knows, indeed? But we distrust the argument from low organizations to high, — from apples and grapes to intellect and spirit. And we have been in the way of thinking that genius asserts itself, and does not so much make its way as have its way; that Raphael born without arms will make himself known as Raphael. But as we hold it stuff to feed national vanity withal, and vaticination worthy of Fourth of July declaimers, to prophesy the advent of Amer-

ican sculptors and architects to whose works the Lorenzo will be a fool and the Panthéon seem a hut, we esteem it also the narrowest discontent and niggard unfaith which, on the other hand, predicts a future artistic succession of Berninis and Canovas merely. The coming times and men are apt upon their happy arrival to rebuke the spirit which arbitrarily asserts that no good can come out of Nazareth, and to give the lie to its forlorn auguries. Let the critic bear it in mind, that as Art is long, it has a certain privilege of delay, and something of the Divine indifference to time, counting a thousand years as but a day's advance to the fulfilling of its purposes and the issue of its events; while his own time is short, limitary of observation and judgment, and suggestive of an especial modesty in the matter of guess-work and prophecy as to the future.

American architecture is pretty much a standing butt. It is the fashion to give it up, and allow on all hands that the less said about it the better, or to use it as the mark for the slings and arrows of outrageous wit. And what a fair and inviting target it is! The least inclined to harshness admit the general base character and ugly look of it. None are more imperative in their censure than architects. And he must be indeed a most wrong-headed patriot or dull-eyed observer who risks any admiration or defence of it. There is danger that in the general censure particular merits may be overlooked, and individual deserts disallowed. Sweeping criticism is a Charon, who likes to push all into one boat and ferry all to one condemnation. Still it must at last be confessed, and after most charitable bating, that, if our country were to be judged by its architecture, its plea would be poor against a verdict ever so harsh. In the all but universal offence, however, every promising sign should be caught at and held up. And such signs there are.

There is something, surely, attractive in the Puritanic quaintness and prim simplicity of certain relics of Colonial times. Those pre-Revolutionary remnants are our antiquities, and we prize them for preserving to us something of the form and pressure of the heroic time. Such are the church of 1680 in Hingham, Mass., and the Old South in Boston, Independence Hall,

and Faneuil Hall. And among the older buildings, some, imported from abroad, are models of correct taste and good design, such as the King's Chapel in Boston, and Christ Church in Cambridge, till, Procrustes-like, they stretched it out, and made lovers of beauty ache for it. But we have to say, that for the most part our public buildings are monuments of pretence and ignorance when anything else than mere use has been brought into the account, and our private dwellings mere serviceable roofs of shingle or slate, topping bare walls set with oblong holes to let in light and air. Hardly till within a score of years, however, has much light come to them who, not to speak it profanely, were sitting in artistic darkness and in the architectural shadow of death. Now, from architects willing to live by and hand down the traditions of that past of incompetency and presumption, there is little to be hoped. They will give us all the modern improvements, but Art will not enter into their designs, nor beauty be found among their estimates. For the sake of the coming generations we may indulge the hope, that against the frights and follies they have put up, and are now erecting, Time will sharpen up that corroding tooth of his which the poets have so often mentioned.

But there is much to be hoped for from those architects, especially from certain young and rising men among them, who prize their business as an art, not simply follow it as a trade. They bring to it the fruit of careful study and a thorough education, with artistic feeling. Their work proves a special artistic sense and comprehension of what is beautiful; as, for instance, the portal of All-Souls' Church in New York, and the structure in the Central Park there, which goes, if memory serves us, by the name of the Terrace Bridge. The ornamentation of this last is signally pleasing, of most sumptuous variety and delicate fancy. There seems, then, to be planted now the germ of a school which may make American architecture something else than a curiosity of dulness and ugliness. There is a decided impulse given in the right direction; hardly more at present than a feeling the way, but a most hopeful tendency. When once substantial building is proved not inconsistent with good art, people who build will demand of the architect something besides joiner, plasterer, and stone-cutter experience,

or contractor shrewdness. We do not despair of the state taking the matter in hand, and one of these days proclaiming the useful French rules which compel both a certain degree of strength and of fit beauty to every building put up in Paris. Whether a commission of architects will ever receive from government such power to make impossible the frightful accidents to life and limb so common in our towns from sham building, and the frightful offences suffered by the eye from sham art, may be doubted. But that the people cannot help being taught more and more what strength and beauty in the plans of the architect may do for the good looks and repute of a city, the works of some of the younger followers of this most magnificent of the arts are giving satisfying proof, and affording large promise for the future of it here.

In the art of painting, landscape carries the day with us. It attracts the liking and pursuit of most artists, and above all other branches of the art it bears the palm for truth and beauty in its works. There is a school of American landscape, and one worthy of praise, and with reason honorable. Yet it is within a generation that what it has effected has been done. Doughty is only just now dead, who saw the beginnings of it, and Durand still is living and working, the hale patriarch of it. From their early works it is sure and genial, as well as rapid, progress to the delightful and successful pictures of Brown and Church, Innes and Gay, and of many others, their worthy companions, if not compeers. The unsurpassed American landscape is worthy to nurture an unsurpassed school of landscape art. One reasonably believes this lavish and manifold invitation by Nature to be prophetic of the liberal answer to be given by Art. These primeval forests of summer glooms and autumn splendors; these greatest rivers of the world, and broadest lakes; this hill-country so full of picturesque and rural charm, and mountain-region of such height and sublimity; this richly-varied climate and vegetation of all the zones, from tropical heats, golden sunshine, lush bloom, warm valleys, and steaming streams in the South, to melancholy, purple seas, with long-lapsing waves, and weird, forbidding magic-shows of icebergs in the North,—it would seem that they must have an attraction in them, and a very inspiration,

which will insure some fit correspondence with their deserts in the transcript which our artists are to make of their grand-
eurs and beauties.

It is perhaps owing to the scientific complexion of the time, as well as to the signal persuasion given by the manifold sublime or lovely aspects of Nature, that landscape should now so invincibly attract to itself the better part of our artistic genius and talent. The time is eager for facts and positive verification, and this art reflects its spirit. But, from whatever cause, the higher art of painting languishes, and we are living in the main upon the one bright and venerable name of Allston. The highest even of landscape art does not yet find expression. It is true that our painters not seldom bring to us the aspect, but also make us enjoy the peculiar, fleeting sentiment of the scene caught by their delicate sense and quick observation of what is most effective, agreeable, and impressive about it. We call to mind a notable example in a sunset sea-view by Kensett, and in some truly delightful Italian sketches by Brown. The best of Gay's sea-side pictures completely reproduce the quiet, serene feeling and charm to the mind of the lovely coast scenery of New England; and there is a painting of Innes, now in the Athenæum in Boston, into which he has brought with marvellous truth the very woodland spirit, with the grand forms and soberly-magnificent tones of color of the remote, wild solitudes and backwoods life of the North. There is in it a rare suggestion to us of the *Waldeinsamkeit*, the wood-solitariness, the forest-presentiment, when one looks for something to appear or happen momentarily, — when the silence of the wood is found to be no silence at all, but, instead, a stilly murmur and concert of weird sighing and rustling, and we are held by the allurements of a nameless fascination, and drawn back also by a nameless dread. But in general our landscapes are the work of accurate memory and patient observation of the mask of nature, of sensitiveness to rural and picturesque beauty, and of quick seizure of salient and exciting effects. We repeat, the highest of landscape art hardly yet appears. If here and there is a sign, there is yet by no means a great manifestation of the power of that discreet, imaginative faculty which, however it eludes definition, names

itself creative by its works. A something higher than memory or observation or selection, and more vital than a feeling for the lovely and the grand, or a sensibility to effects and impressions from nature, it subordinates the objects which the eye sees to the visions which the imagination discerns. The genius has not yet risen among us, which, in the high poetic vein, thus submits the shows of things to the desires of the mind. We know that predictions of great men to come are poor comfort in present lack, and savor rather of fanciful wishes and vague hope than the assurance of prophetic faith. Yet to reflect how near the art has reached its highest, and in how little time, may foster the belief in the coming of the great poet-landscapist, the idealist whose subtile imagination may turn all forms and effects of nature to the purposes of great emotions, and the expression of ideal truth; as Turner, so his great vindicator says, did in "The Old Téméraire" and "The Slave-Ship," and Tintoret in his "Crucifixion," or as we are told that Titian, in his famous "Entombment," makes earth and sky sympathize with an unseen and spiritual presence, and in their lines and hues confess the power of a great sorrow which all the world and all time were to feel, and a lamentation whose burden the heavens would take up.

If landscape art be limited by the "Hitherto shalt thou come" of this positivism of the time and practicalness of the people, much more must historical and religious art be bounded. Genre has, to be sure, some followers; but the climate does not suit, and their works, with very few exceptions, are vulgar beside the charming and noble examples of this art sent to us by that facile and most interesting French school. One name must stand for all that America has done in a really great fashion and fine spirit, for that highest of the art of painting, whose works have a worth forever memorable, and whose servants, while they painted from careful yet hardly-gained culture and with exceptional but painstaking skill, painted, it would seem, by some special grace of God, and gained their immortality of love and reverence by immediate favor and leading of the Infinite Artist. His co-workers they appear, as if by His direct inspiration; and in truth they are so, through their own religious faith and duty. In their great

company, Allston is the sole bearer of the American name, our one representative in the highest range of the pictorial art. To say it, is no foolish dogmatism or wanton disregard of other more or less famous merits and claims. The high rank of Stuart in portraiture, and of Trumbull in historical painting, and of Copley in both, is assured beyond cavil. West has a respectable repute, so far as academic excellence may be worth anything. A miniature by Malbone is justly prized for its sweet delicacy of treatment and color. Cheney's reputation is somewhat local and restricted, but of a kind which an artist seeks the purer-minded he is, and his drawings are precious for their exceeding refinement and their truthful rendering of the very spirit of young innocence, of patient faith, and the peace of holiness. They are names honorable to the country, and justly honored. But Allston's is a reverend name, which, if not spoken in the same breath with the Italian masters of the golden time of Art, would seem rightly uttered close after theirs. His Rosalie and his Beatrice, and even so small a thing as the gesture of an angel's hand, or the bend of a woman's head, in one and another of his pictures, have always seemed to us the delicious foretaste of the feast which, as travellers report and patient faith believes, awaits all good Americans in Europe.

Granted that reasons are not few or invalid for the complaint so often entered against this country because of its poverty in the treasures of Art, and its meagre interest in the gathering up of that sort of wealth which is truly honorable to a nation, and needful to the noblest estate and true glory of a people, yet the statement just made here, incomplete as it is, testifies to the good esteem in which Art is held, at least at the great centres of our civilization, and to a memorable and express excellence in the practice of it, which is prophetic of good for its future. It is not, indeed, in our present vein to bepraise the country for what it has done or is promising. For to those who wish well to the republic, nothing is more distasteful than the pestilent boasting which this people is so fond of hearing from the lips of its flatterers and out of its own mouth. For this folly we have justly become a byword for national vanity and brag; and unless we mend our

manners, there is danger that the dictionaries may substitute Americanade for gasconade. What sort of folks they are who sound a trumpet before them has been set down once for all. Their character is well marked, whether individual men or nations. And if ever rebuke was needed and humiliation deserved, it was the blame which so lately fell upon us, and the disgrace we have had to suffer, — of which, indeed, the sting remains and the blush lingers even now, when returning virtue moves at the people's heart, and is seeking so grandly to retrieve honor and wipe off shame. It is not, then, in any vain boasting, but out of just pride, that, with this account of stock before us, though hurriedly and partially taken, we affirm that, for a country not a century old, America has done well for Art, and is establishing fair earnest of better practice and larger encouragement of it to come.

In respect to the study of it, — that study, namely, which is not in the interest of its practical pursuit in any branch, but directed upon the philosophy, the general theory and history of it, and concerned with criticism of its various works and forms, — what has been done in American literature was noticed, briefly and by the way, in an article upon Mr. Ruskin's *magnum opus*, in a late number of this review. The book whose title we put at the head of the present article was then, unknown to us, on the eve of publication. We are glad to add it to our list of American works on Art, esteeming it as, on the whole, an addition of a good deal of worth, although we have found some things about it far from admirable, and to be blamed. It is the largest original contribution yet, and in external make far the handsomest. Upon the face of it, it seems to put out a claim to favor and to demand regard; not, however, presumptuously and with pretence, but upon fair grounds. Its good looks ought to secure for it, what indeed its contents in the main deserve, a public consideration larger and better than that given to the author's former work. The good promise of that this amply fulfils. And, whatever cause our criticism is going to find in it for abatement of full praise, we would give it at the outset hearty greeting, as the just sequel and complement, now after the lapse and maturer study of some six years, to that genuine love of Art and of country which marked the "Art Hints."

We are to give some of our reasons for a friendly welcome to "Art Studies." But first the way must be cleared somewhat. And our praise will be all the freer for this preliminary fault-finding. There are gross blunders in the printing, and infelicities of style which one who chose might deal with quite sharply. In some cases the style is worse than infelicitous, it is marked with pretence. We are well aware how apt it is to have the look of a cheap sort of pedantry to snap at misprints, and to criticise verbal slips and a ridiculous fashion of writing. And we would not risk that look if our easy object were simply to pick out blemishes. We enter upon this adverse criticism because we think the book is far too good to be blotted with such needless blunders, and because we know that it is just such superficial errors and absurdities of style which often interfere with the favorable reception of a book, and hinder the valuable service it is calculated to render by its right intention and excellent matter, apart from anything faulty or foolish in its manner. The mistakes and faults are just such as disturb one because they are needless, and might have been spared by a very little care and judgment. We pass over their annoyance and jar to the critical nerves, but are not ready to excuse their disfigurement of a book whose purpose and subject we have so much at heart.

Good repute for printing, as for other things, ought never to seem so well established that the carefulness which secured it may be dispensed with. But here, in this handsome and costly book, are the plain marks of want of care and overhaste. And one need not be specially curious in the niceties of book-making to find good cause for criticism. *Dad* for *had*, *aresent* for *present*, *arms* for *urns*, *leading* with an extra *ing* tagged to it, and the like, are inexcusable in a book got up with such cost and pretension. A "*pâté de foie grase*" may be a "nice thing" to eat, but not to print. Who was *Crozet*, and what collection did he make? We have seen Duppa's Life of Michel Angelo. But who is *Duppér*, who translates here one of his sonnets for us? Pity it was not made an entire and perfect chrysolite of a blunder by making the D a T! It would have been an exciting piece of literary news, that Martin F.'s fine poetic faculty had dared what Wordsworth's drew

back from. The proof-reader must have nodded oftener than Homer to let such blunders pass. They would hardly be excusable in a less important book, and are grossly careless in one which, like this, by all nicety of paper, print, and illustration, claims to be an admirable specimen of book-making. It is to be regretted that the first American work on Art, which challenges comparison for elegance with English publications of the same class, should be disfigured with mistakes which a little painstaking might have saved.

If we sympathized any less with the *animus* of it, or were any less ready to commend it as a whole, we should hardly have a word to say about the disagreeable qualities and frequent absurdities in its style. But we must think that its reception will be hindered and its influence jeopardized by such foolish affectations as "avid of fame," "graphically fecund," "dynamic view," "interiorly and exteriorly," "moultered," and the like, which, as the author himself might quote in some of his high flights of inconsequence, are scattered through the pages "thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Val-lombrosa." The pure well must be somewhat stirred up to send out such defiled and muddy English. It is not perhaps too much to say, that "festered passions" and "putridities of civilization" are a little strong. — Hamlet's query seems pat: "And smelt so? pah!" — The vile phrase "superior sentiments" occurs again and again; and each time we could not help thinking of the good lady who held her small triumph over her clever marketing in these terms: "I assure you it was really a *superior* lobster." Figures are frequent, but somewhat mixed. Sympathy with an artist's sentiment in the motif of a picture is, we are told with reason, a sure guide to truth; but this further explanation of it is added, as "a delicate chord, which, fastening itself upon the surface of things, penetrates their interiors and illumines them with the light of sympathetic understanding." We fear "their interiors" must suffer by the process, and do not find that the illuminating chord throws much light on the meaning. It must have been a queer physico-moral condition when "sin coursed through every vein and salivated every nerve," and sad intellectual emptiness when "truths fell vacuous upon the masses." But

this is ungracious work. Enough to say that Mr. Jarves's style has constantly reminded us of a sarcasm of Landor, who, writing to a friend, says of some author lately dead: "He wrote good English, a language now unfortunately nearly obsolete." If the style is the man, then is he somehow two men. The reader finds himself puzzled and disturbed between him and his double, — at one moment enjoying simplicity and directness in the style, at the next page displeased with the confusion and pretence of it. It is clear and good, as in the narrative and biographical sketches; again, when some æsthetical fury seizes it, it equals oracles in dubiousness, but not in brevity. The author ought to get rid of this awkward double of his, with such a liking for fustian and rhetorical stuff and nonsense, or put him under strict editorial guardianship. His ambition of fine writing and vanity of subtle philosophizing take a good deal from the reader's interest and pleasure, and must prevent the substantial worth of the book from a quick and hearty recognition.

The spirit of the book is too wise and honest to be touched by any follies or pretence in the style. A genuine love of Art is manifest, and an earnest patriotic wish that this country may do its duty in regard to it, and invite the benefits which will result from a better allowance of its claims and encouragement of its practice. We sympathize with this wish, and praise this faith in the good service which true Art always renders to a people. We believe in the worth of all art studies which go to confirm and spread this faith, and make this desire contagious. They are important everywhere. The attention given to them abroad shows how wide the estimate of their worth is in Europe. The time and talent used upon them there are wisely employed; and the works which are the fruit of them are of a value hardly to be counted. But these studies should be held as of capital use where they are not common, and the worth of them not generally felt or allowed. Our long-headed, utilitarian, anxiously busy people are slow to appreciate them in their proper importance. Dilettante is among us a final reproach; and justly so where it fits the trifler who goes with the fashion of his time and city, and is enthusiastic about Art simply by the prompting of the demon

who whispers, "Have a taste." But it is apt to be visited on any one interested in Art, however in earnest he be and untouched by the vanity and superficialness of mere dilettantism. The real student of Art is not the pamperer of his tastes and luxurious seeker of his own pleasure. He is of manlier nerve than to become the soft devotee of the lust of the eye. He who realizes what inspiration of intellectual strength and beauty flows out of that matchless Greek art to one who diligently studies it, and who draws in any of the inspiration of holiness and religion undefiled which flows from early Italian Art to him who communes with its wisdom of simple truthfulness, is not likely to be frivolous and selfish. The still air of his delightful studies is not the climate most favorable to egotism. The noble lives and works which he contemplates there offer no plea for softness, or persuasion to wantonness, or encouragement to any niggard keeping to himself the pleasure and instruction they afford. His study is truly most responsive to the love and pains he gives to it, with the keenest and amplest delights. A sure and enduring satisfaction always is waiting upon him from it. But it is full of lofty inducement. It teaches him to be useful in his day, and serviceable to his generation. He imparts of his enjoyment, and spreads the good learning which he has gained. He passes on to others the pleasure and the profit which he has secured. Addressing at first, perhaps, only the few of like tastes and pursuits, his influence presently descends and moves among the many. He has a wide field of service to enter and possess here. And it is a place of honor which he will fill. What he has already done in American literature merits thankful recognition and praise, and any further issue of his judicious and careful study is sure of hearty welcome. A French reviewer lately said of our writers on Art, that no critics excel them in critical ability, as far as it depends on intellectual faculty and moral and spiritual sympathy, but that any European tyro and penny-a-liner could over-crow them in the quickness and confidence which the life-long and daily presence of Art, in all its forms and schools, begets; that by accurate observation, discreet judgment, and fine imaginative power, they interpret justly particular works, and genially enter into their motive and sen-

timent, but that they are led to make great blunders by their meagre experience, and an art-education so limited that a *valet de place* might be their teacher in many matters of the learning of Art. If it be so, it is plain that there is ample room and verge enough for the American art-student, but also sufficient encouragement for him to occupy it with the good powers given him, and by his faithful labor.

The "Art Studies" now before us are made up of historical and biographical narrative, with æsthetic criticism and philosophy, in about equal parts. The latter is the more strictly original portion, and is of considerable interest and value. The book will be likely to be prized most for the former. It is a compilation in which those familiar with the history of Art and the lives of artists will hardly find much that is new. But old facts are given in a vivid, sprightly, and attractive way, and we have found ourselves reading, with quite the old zest and a renewed pleasure, of Savonarola's Puritanic zeal and Giotto's genial temper and life, of Fra Lippo Lippi's escapades and naturalism and Fra Angelico's saintly piety and spiritualism; how Andrea del Sarto loved, not wisely but too well, Lucrezia Fede, and how the handsome shrew ruined him; how Raphael was the darling of Fortune, and how, under her slights, the sublime genius of Michel Angelo, the greatest spirit in those great times or in any age of Art, was moved to the noblest issues ever reached by painter or by sculptor of the modern time; how Art began to stir out of formalism and tradition with Cimabue, and how with Titian and the rest it wrought out wonders of dignity and grace not possibly, it seems, to be surpassed, if reached. It is a never tiresome story, and told here in a sensible and more than usually agreeable way. They who come freshly to it are sure to be pleased, as well as informed, by this excellent presentation of it.

We took less pleasure in the æsthetical parts. The theorizing about Art, and the criticism of artists and their works, not seldom has left a confused and unsatisfactory impression. This may be owing partly to the faulty arrangement, where various things are mixed together without order, and one is forced to go from one to another in a vague sort of way, passing from narrative to criticism, jumping from history to phi-

losophizing, without much plan, and with considerable distraction. It is just that no-arrangement which always leaves the reader with an uncomfortable sense of confusion and haphazard in the thought, and of hurry and carelessness in the putting together the material. But the want felt in the æsthetics of the book is probably owing more to the fact that it is just here that the style inclines to run wild, and turns to pretence and indistinctness. From whatever cause, this portion, although marked with shrewd comments, bright observation, and ingenious thought, does not leave any clear and certain impression of special power or delicacy of criticism, or of notable originality in æsthetic comprehension and feeling.

To many this will be, perhaps, their "first book" in Art. It will genially introduce them to the company of the great masters of painting, and to their works. They may follow it as a safe, clever, and agreeable guide. Mr. Jarves's estimate of Art is a just one, and though his feeling for it, as he suggests in his Preface, may seem an over-enthusiasm, we cannot hold it to be so, and are glad that he does not apologize for it. He ranks the masters in their right order; though we have thought Leonardo's intellectual greatness a little dazzling to his critical discernment, and perhaps blinding him to the absence in that marvellous, many-sided man of the higher inspiration which moved the genius of some of his contemporaries. He states well the peculiar excellence of each, and correctly marks the difference displayed in their powers and their works, between the grades of Art from low to high. His facilities have been unusually large, and his study has been faithful and wisely directed. He is not conventional in his judgments, servilely admiring because others have admired, or blaming where this or that other critic has blamed. He has a mind of his own, which is often very confidently, but not conceitedly, given. But, what is more to the purpose, we do not remember that he ever falls into that deplorable error and silliness into which travellers among the great treasures of Art sometimes fall, of flouting the established fame of great works by petty criticisms and the vanity of not being taken in by tradition, but looking for themselves. Goethe, to be sure, when he went down into Italy, went, he says, cleared of pre-

possessions and prejudice, to use his own eyes. He had the right, but does not seem to have transmitted it to the gentry who so affect the style of "I know nothing about Art, but I do know what pleases me, and am not to be humbugged out of my opinion by any universal admiration." This book is free from that detestable affectation which will put in its glib word about the ill-composition of the Sistine Madonna, and waxes bold over the ill-drawing in the frescos of the Holy Field in Pisa. It is modest, and so far is a wise and safe guide.

The illustrations form so marked and interesting a feature of "Art Studies," that a notice of the book would be incomplete without a reference to them. They are excellently well drawn and engraved. And they are truer to their originals than many of the illustrations in English art-publications of the same class. In them the mannerism of the designer is often more plain than the character of the picture illustrated. Note, for example, how, in many, Mr. Harvey's peculiarly disagreeable style of drawing gives a very free and very lame translation of the work in hand. All such outlines must, of course, be mere memoranda, but it is gratifying to see that, in this publication, the Italian engraver has given with the composition something of the manner and even the spirit of the originals.

But the great merit of these originals is what gives to the illustrations special value and interest, above any excellence which they have of their own. We had the good fortune, a little while ago, to see Mr. Jarves's collection in New York. We have not space here to speak of it as we would like. And the look we had was too short to speak of it as it deserves. At first, the propriety and good-taste of Mr. Jarves's illustrating his book from his own collection seemed dubious. It would have been better, we thought, to illustrate the history of painting and the biography of artists rather from world-famous and approved characteristic works. But the pictures vindicate the step. And if "Art Studies" were much less interesting and valuable on its own merits, it should still be greatly prized as the herald of the pictures from which its illustrations are engraved. It is for this that we are most ready to greet it

and send it on with a good word, as introducing these works of early Italian Art to the study and criticism which, if earnest and just, must result in a generous reception of them, and a more than favorable regard.

When, some time ago, we read what Mr. Trollope and other capable men had to say in praise and authentication of them, we thought, and took occasion to say in this review, that the owner of them would be held as a benefactor and lover of his country more on their account than for his books. Having seen them, we repeat it with emphasis. What we need here is experience and instruction in noble Art. And there is no collection in the country equal to this, not only as a teacher of the history of painting, but also as a guide to point out where the supreme inspiration of the art lies, the secret of its greatest power and the mover of its most beautiful works.

In judging these pictures, they who have been abroad have an advantage in being able to decide, by comparison with renowned works in Europe, how far these are characteristic of the master or school to which they are attributed. For that we have to pin our faith, in the main, upon the documents in the Appendix; and the names there are worthy of credence. But they who have not seen Rome, and Dresden, and Florence have this advantage, that therefore they are perhaps all the better judges of what is needed here for the student of Art who cannot go where it is studied to the most profit and pleasure. No city will so surely help its sons and daughters who are studying either the practice or the theory and history of Art, as that which secures for itself these pictures, collected by Mr. Jarves with equal care and good fortune. And none will so benefit its people at large, the lay as well as the clerics of Art, with the pure pleasures and fine instructions of which it is the generous spring. If Boston be the centre of intellectual and moral life, as its citizens claim for it, then Boston is the one fit place for them. They will be studied there as they ought to be. And there they will be valued with that just esteem and fair judgment which faithful study must bring.

To write justly of them demands a better opportunity than we have yet had, and time not merely to look at, but to study them. We do not belong to that class of apt learners for whom

a glance around the gallery is enough to bring in the verdict of "old things" or "humbug." The short time we gave to them was full of genuine delight. Other galleries have pleased us as much, but never in so fine a fashion. It was a most choice and lofty pleasure. When we entered the little "Tribune," where the elect pictures are hung, we at once felt that it was a new world of Art opening to us. Here was a loftier region and a purer air. We had expected dull, archaic pictures, whose mystery was to be plucked out with much painstaking, and whose value was largely antiquarian, as historic documents and relics. But the little room, on that dark, gray day, shone and flashed as if set with gems. It was no painful, mousing search which they required, no near-sighted and intent quest after remote beauty and significance. There was no difficulty about them, but an immediate and genial invitation to the eye and to the mind. We did not have to get down to them with prying investigation. But they came down to us, with a presence of exceeding dignity and grace, with the offer of rare gifts and the allurements of an uplifting power. It was coming true, what we had dreamed, over our books, of Giotto, Francia, Gozzoli, Fra Angelico, and the rest. It was as though we had been studying the grammar of Art without examples, and now they were given, and rules and principles were made plainer. It was the self-same experience which the first sight of what is grandest or most lovely in nature gives, — as though a new sense were born, or the eyes had opened more widely, and, so to speak, more deeply. The holy feeling, simple truthfulness, and fine purity of early Italian painting were to be henceforth a fact, and not a story. We were to know by experience, and not by hearsay, what power is in Art when it works under its highest inspiration, a pure religious sentiment and faith. We now understood how it is divinely gifted with appeals to which the best and noblest in thought and feeling spontaneously and sympathetically respond. What had been conviction in the mind was now sight to the eye, — that, at its truest and best, it is the form and representative of the spiritual. We knew that we had stepped within the vestibule of the temple in whose remote and sacred adyta hang for us the Sistine Madonna and the Prophets and Sibyls of the Papal chapel.

Nothing could more decisively establish their worth than to have them exhibited, as in New York, in the same gallery with the popular Düsseldorf collection. There seems something rather providential than lucky in such a conjunction of Art which appeals to the higher faculties and deeper feelings, and is almost unknown among us, with that, well known and expressly popular, which seduces the roving eye and pleases the coarser and superficial tastes. The contrast is one in which things quickly take their level. It was with a strange feeling, the blank sense of separation and remoteness, that we tried to find in the German pictures what our younger and cruder judgment had found so admirable. It was, to be sure, a test somewhat of the hardest, and not quite fair, to come to them at once upon the first delightful taste of the old Italian religious art. It was the poor wine after the good. Academic mannerism, the commonplace of a school, caricature for characterization, vulgarity for humor, and breadth of canvas for depth of feeling and height of thought, obstinately obtruded themselves. And, at the best, it was shrewd facility and knowing cleverness, pretty fancy and delicate finish, power of effective grouping and impressive composition, which caught the eye. But there was a genuine inspiration in the motif and sentiment of the others, which detained the heart. Here was a lavish and precious display of simplicity and truth, of self-forgetfulness and surrender to the sacredness of the theme, of the spontaneity of religious devotion and faith. The very pigment seemed a different and nobler thing, so gem-like and pure it showed beside the dull and muddy tints of the new pictures. If color be the exponent of the artist's temper and character, there is little room to doubt in which age the noblest intellectual and moral tendency was present and active. As if to challenge comparison, an "Adoration of the Magi" by Steinbrück hung quite near a painting of the same subject by Luca Signorelli. The latter, though far less attractive than many of the pictures of an earlier date, at once asserted its superiority. Yet the former is esteemed a masterpiece of its school, and with reason, because free from many of the disagreeable qualities of the Düsseldorf style. It is a most ambitious picture, marked with patient labor and mas-

terly skill. It is fifty times as big as the Italian picture, and probably attracts fifty times as many people to look at it. But it lacks the absorbing and imperative earnestness which fills the 20×24 canvas of the other with commanding pictorial power and effect. That is full of the strong and healthy sentiment of piety; this is touched with the weakness of pious sentimentalism. This has the unity of studied composition, is of the order and limitation of modern ecclesiastical art, and is formally religious. That has the unity of spirit and the freedom of true sacred art, and is really religious.

In the genial and modest close of the Preface to "Art Studies," the writer commends to the reader's "kindly regard Introduction, Body, and Appendix, omitting nothing. For," he goes on, "he hopes it will be for your good to read *all*, as it has been for his to write; while he wishes you, like himself, thorough enjoyment in Art." We have to say, that it was for our special good and thorough enjoyment to read the Appendix. For it contains the catalogue of the collection, and while we read it the pictures were before us. They instruct the student, as hand-books and the like never can, in the history of painting, unfolding its course from the stirring of new life in Cimabue's time, through its quick growth and blooming fruitful season in the sixteenth century, to the fatal decadence and fall after Michel Angelo. But, what is more, they bring him under the influences of the strength and beauty of that Art which is of the highest kind, as the inspiration of pure religious sentiment and faith is the highest impulse that can move the soul and guide the hand, and which, of all Art, is most truly satisfying to the mind and most surely ennobling to the spirit of those who reverently and affectionately study it.

ART. V. — THE WAR.

1. *The Causes of the American Civil War: A Letter to the London Times.* By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, LL. D., D. C. L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic" and "History of the United Netherlands." New York: James G. Gregory. 1861.
2. *The Rebellion Record; a Diary of American Events, 1860 - 61.* Edited by FRANK MOORE, &c., &c. New York: G. P. Putnam.

WHEN, in the year of our Lord 79, the people of Campania saw that memorable pine-tree cloud ascending from Vesuvius, black with smoke, glittering with flashes of lightning, it came as a great surprise. The cities of Pompeii and Herculaneum, the little villages which nestled on the side of the mountain, were astonished out of their tranquil repose by an unexpected terror. It was difficult to realize the greatness of the catastrophe. The family of the rich Diomedes thought themselves safe in the cellars of their Pompeian villa; Diomedes himself thought he should have time, before he fled, to gather up some gold; the elder Pliny conceived that he might safely sail across the bay into the very centre of the peril for the sake of scientific information; the younger Pliny continued to read his Livy at Misenum amid the increasing tumult of the mountain and tremblings of the earth. Yet there were warnings which preceded the catastrophe. The old lava of previous eruptions lay everywhere under their feet. The mountain had been moaning, and earthquakes during many previous days had given significant indications of some approaching phenomenon.

So it has been with the people of the United States. The first shot fired at Fort Sumter was an alarm-gun, rousing the whole land to war. The news of that impious sacrilege, of that audacious attack on the dear old flag, flew along a hundred wires, and the people of nineteen States rushed to arms. Then was seen the greatest phenomenon of modern history, — the most unwarlike of nations, in the course of a few months, becoming the most military people in the world. The gage of battle, thrown down by "the venerable Edward Ruffin of Virginia," when he fired that fatal shot, has been taken up

by half a million of soldiers. Raw militia are changed in a few weeks into veterans. Men who never fired a gun lead a charge against a battery of rifled cannon. Men just taken from their shops and ploughs stand still, like old soldiers, to be battered with stones or mowed down with grape. Boys, fresh from their books, go into battle with the coolness of the bronzed old *moustache* who has seen fifty fights. The whole population of the North has flung itself, with the immense energy born of freedom, into this war. Seventy-five thousand men are called for for three months, and one hundred and fifty thousand offer to go. One hundred and fifty thousand are called for for three years, and three hundred thousand offer to go. The agents of the different regiments go to Washington to urge, by all available influence, that they shall be accepted. Twice as many companies are formed, equipped, and drilled, as can possibly be put to service. They support themselves while waiting to be taken into the army. Their officers spend all their money in providing them with the bare necessities of life. The streets of our cities, so lately ignorant of all military sights, now echo, early and late, with the measured tread of marching men, are draped with the stripes and stars, are musical with the fife and bugle. Those who do not enlist enter drill-clubs, so as to be ready to enlist by and by. The intense activity created by free institutions, the whole energy of intellect and will of the whole Northern people, have been poured into this work of war. We may say that the whole capital of the nation, in money, men, intellect, time, has been invested in this struggle. All parties disappear. A few months ago we seemed hopelessly disunited; now the unanimity of the people is almost entire.

Nor is the unanimity of the North more striking than its celerity. The red cross of Roderic Dhu sped rapidly through Highland valleys, and over Highland mountains, summoning the clans to battle. Rapidly flashed the signal fires from headland to headland along the coast of England, rousing county after county, as the Spanish Armada came in sight upon the horizon. But the fastest foot of man and horse, the most rapid succession of beacon fires, are lazy messengers when compared with the lightning sparks which flashed the news of the attack

on Fort Sumter over a hundred wires, on the 12th of April, 1861. In the course of a few hours the news spread over fifteen degrees of latitude and fifty of longitude. The change produced in human transactions by the combination of the railroad and electric telegraph appeared very signally on this occasion. Fort Sumter was surrendered on Saturday, April 13th. On Monday, April 15th, appeared the President's proclamation, calling for 75,000 men. The fact (by telegraph) reached Boston the same day, and Governor Andrew's requisition went before night into the country towns, calling for the Sixth Regiment to come to Boston, and then go to Washington. Through that Monday night the messengers went from house to house, summoning the men, and on the next morning (Tuesday, 16th) many of the companies were marching in the cold rain through the streets of Boston. On Friday, April 19th, the regiment went through Baltimore into Washington, leaving dead on the cruel pavements of the inhospitable city the proto-martyrs of the new Revolution. The promptness of Massachusetts and of her Governor electrified the other States, and saved Washington.

And now that we find ourselves at once plunged into this struggle, and the plough of industry beaten into the sword of war, there are several questions which we must ask concerning it, for our own satisfaction and that of others. As Christians we must ask, "Is it right, and is it necessary to fight?" As students of philosophy and history, we must inquire into the causes and the consequences of this war. And as patriots we all wish to know what ought to be thought, said, and done in order to end the struggle in the right way. On each point we wish to suggest a few thoughts. First comes the Ethical question, which concerns the justice of the war; next the Historical question, which relates to the causes and tendencies of the war; and lastly, the Patriotic question, which regards our own hopes, fears, and duties as Americans in reference to it.

I. The Ethical question about the war. Why are we fighting? What is this war for? How can it be justified on any Christian grounds? What have become of all our peace principles? Can we, as Christians, consent to the war, encourage it, or take part in it?

If *all wars are wrong*, — if it is never justifiable to fight for defence of the lives, freedom, safety, of those most dear to us, or in defence of the cause of justice and humanity, — then, of course, the present war, as waged by the North, is wrong. But that *all wars are wrong* can only be maintained on the principle of non-resistance. For if it is right for an individual to take life in self-defence, it is, *a fortiori*, more right for a nation to take life in defending itself. If it is right to enforce the laws, to imprison criminals, to use physical force in preserving the peace, then the use of force is not wrong. And if, in using physical force for all these purposes, we may inflict injury on a small scale, and to a small extent, there is no objection, as far as the principle is concerned, in using it on a large scale, when the necessity comes.

We believe that our Peace Societies did at one time attempt to find some middle way between non-resistance on the one side, and conceding the justice of wars of self-defence on the other. But the attempt seemed to us then unsuccessful. He who is not willing to admit that some wars are right, ought, if he would be consistent, to be a non-resistant.

But neither have we been able, at any time, to accept the doctrines of non-resistance. Forcible resistance to evil is a duty we owe to the evil-doer, no less than to ourselves. All men need chastisement, restraint, resistance. We are all better for being resisted when we are doing wrong. Part of our moral discipline comes from the chastisement we receive, the suffering we endure, in consequence of our sins. If men did not suffer continually when they do wrong, if they were not constantly resisted, and terribly resisted, by God's laws and man's instincts, the world would become a Pandemonium, and life a curse.

"Still," it is said, "Christianity forbids resistance to evil; commands us to submit to injuries. The whole power of the Gospel is in love. It overcomes evil with good. It teaches us to forgive seventy times seven. It is a doctrine of good-will to men, and peace on earth. The Gospel of Christ knows nothing of war."

To this we reply, that the Gospel, as opposed to the law, only works by love, — never by force. And when the law is

fulfilled in the Gospel, all forcible resistance to evil will cease. But Christ does not destroy the law. It remains, and works by its own methods, until it is fulfilled in the Gospel. The law restrains evil by force from going to too great excess, until the day when it can be overcome by good.

“ Serene will be our day and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When Love is an unerring light
And joy its own security ”; —

but till that day comes, the methods of law must continue, being more and more purified and elevated by the spirit of the Gospel.

We are not now discussing the question of non-resistance, or we should have much more to say. We merely suggest our position, and do not argue it. For our present purpose, this is enough.

If, then, some wars are right, the question recurs, *Is this war right?* Is it right for the people to support their government in putting down by force this rebellion? Would it not have been a more Christian way to have let the rebels go in peace? Ought we not to have consented to their trying their experiment of Secession?

If the people of seven States, or if the people of all the Slave States had, by decided majorities and with a free ballot-box, decided to leave the Union, and had asked leave to go out, peaceably and by the proper forms, leave might have been granted. According to the theory of our government, the people of the United States, and of any particular State, have a right to alter their form of government whenever they choose. But they must alter it in the legitimate way. By adopting the Federal Constitution, they have entered into a solemn compact with the people of the United States, which they have no right to violate. When a contract is made, it must be fulfilled until it can be legally made void.

But, instead of asking for a peaceable and orderly separation, with the consent of the other States, the seceding States attempted violently and forcibly to dissolve the Union. They did not ask for a Convention of all the States to give them leave to go, and to fix the conditions of their secession. They

voted themselves out of the Union, and then laid violent hands on the property of the Federal Government within their limits. Proceeding from one act of aggression to another, they at last fired upon the national flag, and took by regular attack and process of war a national fort. This was striking a blow at the life of the nation. If it had been submitted to, the Union was at an end. This is the conviction which has united the whole nineteen Free States as one man. All feel that the issue has been changed. The question is no longer whether we will consent to alter the Union, by permitting certain States to leave us in a peaceable way, but whether we will allow them to destroy the nation in order that they may go. If the first question might have been answered in the affirmative, to this question the only possible answer has been given in a stern denial, enforced by a simultaneous rising in arms of the whole mighty land.

The question of right is, therefore, soon settled. If a man may kill an assassin in defending his life, a great nation may defend *its* life by the stern arbitrament of war. The life of the Union has been attacked; and if it kills its opponent in defending itself, it has a right to do so. In other words, if it can only save its own organic existence by destroying that of the Slave States, and reducing them to the condition of conquered territories, it is justified in doing it, on the plain principle of self-defence. We are bound to save the Union, even if in doing it we are forced to abolish slavery, and destroy the effete civilization which rests upon it. For the issue is the life of the great republic on which rest the hopes of humanity, to which turn the aspirations of the free in all lands, — which receives and protects in its hospitable embrace the victims of every oppression save its own, — which has been planted on this continent by the providence of God to work out the great problem of liberty joined with law, equality united with order, and a progressive civilization which is also conservative of everything good won from the experience of the past. It is the cause of culture as against barbarism, of Christianity against feudalism, of the nineteenth century against the tenth. To allow this majestic republic to be destroyed in order to build on its ruins one devoted to the extension of human

slavery, would have been a crime against the human race. And since war alone could prevent its destruction, war became a duty.

We see now, not only that the destruction of the Union would have been the inevitable consequence of allowing its forcible dismemberment, but also that such was the *intention* of the seceders. It had been arranged among themselves that a new union, suited to their ideas, should be built on the ruins of the old Union. The Catilines who abused our patience by remaining in the Senate while carrying on their work of treason, had been planning for years the scheme of destruction. They evidently felt they had succeeded, and that the Federal Union was at an end. Southerners hastened to resign lucrative civil and military offices, as rats run from a house about to fall, — thus establishing claims for offices in the coming Confederacy. The ordinances of secession were hurried through conventions and legislatures, and in many States they did not dare to submit to the people their ratification. Seizing the forts, arsenals, navy-yards, and mints was part of the same plan, — wholly unnecessary if peaceable secession was the object, but very necessary if it was intended to destroy the Union. Idle, therefore, to talk of peace where there was no peace. While small politicians, imagining themselves to be great statesmen, were trying to daub the wall with untempered mortar, and to find something which might seem to be a concession and yet not be one, the surer instinct of the great democratic masses made them prepare for war, to defend order against anarchy.

When, therefore, we are asked, "Why not let them go?" we reply, that, if they merely wished to go, it might perhaps be granted. But what they wish is to destroy the Union in going. We might not object to the secession from our house of a family who had rented it, but who would not fulfil their contract, and who made themselves generally disagreeable to us and to their neighbors. We might be willing to "let them go," in order to get rid of bad tenants. But if they insisted on carrying off with them part of the fixtures, and then setting fire to the building, we should be disposed to resist them, even to the extent of calling in the police. Not content with going off, the

Confederates have plundered our property and are endeavoring to destroy our nation. We have called in a pretty powerful police, under General Scott, and shall probably prevent them from accomplishing their designs.

II. We next come to the Historic question. What were the causes, and what will be the consequences, of this war? From what did it originate? When and how will it end?

No war in modern times and between civilized nations can usually originate without both a motive and a reason. There must be some good to be gained, or some evil to be prevented; there must also be some justification. With savages a motive is enough; they do not need a reason, nor even a pretext. It is enough that they wish to plunder their neighbors, and that they feel strong enough to do it. Their will stands for a reason. Civilized nations, on the other hand, will sometimes fight for a reason, when they have no motive. These are the wars of cabinets, in which the people take no interest, — wars brought about by the scratch of a pen. Some forgotten treaty has been violated in some unimportant provision, some red-tape technicality has been omitted, and two nations are plunged into war, they know not why. Commonly, however, there must be both motive and reason, — some impelling necessity and some justifying theory. The MOTIVE of the present war between North and South is to be found in the growing hostility between Freedom and Slavery; the REASON for it is the different theory of the Constitution held by the disciples of Calhoun on the one hand, and those of Webster on the other. Were it not for slavery, the South would not *wish* to fight; were it not for the secession theory, the South would not feel justified in fighting. The idea of State sovereignty and the interest of slavery combined have resulted in this bloody attempt to destroy the Union and to change the government.

The system of slavery must now be recognized by all as the origin and fountain of all our evils. The avowed motive for secession is the desire to extend slavery, and the determination to resist all attempts at its limitation. The election of Lincoln was merely the occasion, not the cause, of secession. It furnished an excuse to those who had already long ago determined to break up the Union as soon as they could. Those

who had long governed the Union could not submit to see the power passing steadily out of their hands by the increasing population and wealth of the Free States. Slaveholding generates habits of mind impatient of the control of law. The slaveholder, accustomed to no rule but his own will, cannot bear to submit his will to any authority or any law. The great demand for cotton has made slave labor so profitable, that the dream of a wealthy independent slaveholding state, which was to bring slaves from Africa and absorb into itself the cotton-producing regions around the Gulf of Mexico, became more and more vivid and probable. The irreconcilable conflict between slave and free institutions became also constantly more apparent. The Slave Power had won many triumphs. It annexed Texas; it made war on Mexico; it defeated the Wilmot Proviso; it passed the Fugitive-Slave Bill; it elected a whole series of Presidents subservient to its behests; it repealed the Missouri Compromise; it used the Federal troops in Kansas to persecute the Free State settlers; it elected a Pro-slavery Legislature in Kansas, by an army of voters marched in from Missouri; it took back its fugitive slaves from beneath the shadow of Independence Hall and the shaft of Bunker Hill; it debased a whole race of statesmen; it corrupted the judiciary; it obtained the Dred Scott decision, containing the disfranchisement of a race; it taught Northern pulpits and Northern Professors to defend the justice and Christianity of making a chattel of your brother; it printed South-side books in Boston. Yet the irrepressible spirit of freedom continually rendered its victories barren, and poisoned the cup of its triumph. All that it gained politically, it lost morally. The annexation of Texas made thousands of Anti-slavery men. The war with Mexico gave us a Free State on the Pacific. The passage of the Fugitive Slave Law was replied to by "Uncle Tom's Cabin." The repeal of the Missouri Compromise roused the North to the determination to make Kansas a Free State. Every political success of the Slave Power was a moral success to its opponents, till it became apparent in 1856 that the last President elevated to office by the influence of the Slave Power had been elected. The Slave Power, determined not to submit to its inevitable dethronement, used the four

years of Buchanan's administration in preparing for secession. It had become apparent that the North was determined to prevent the extension of slavery, and to discourage it wherever there was constitutional power to do so. The South, on the other hand, was determined to extend slavery, and to encourage its diffusion over the whole continent. The conflict was irreconcilable.

Many honest men and sincere patriots hoped to avert this conflict by new concessions to the South, and new guaranties to slavery. They thought that the danger to the Union did not come so much from slavery itself, as from opposition to slavery. Possibly further concessions might have postponed the crisis; but only for a little while. Meantime, everything which weakens the great ideas of universal freedom saps the foundations of the Union, for on these alone it can stand firm and safe. The Union is most important to our prosperity, but not so important as that which made the Union. The Union itself rests on the earnest love of liberty, the sense of justice and right, the reverence for a divine and heavenly order, the aspiration for a Christian commonwealth, which was in the hearts of its founders. Maintain that spirit, and you maintain that which can preserve this Union, or make another. But concede to slavery your conscience, yield up to a supposed expediency your sense of right, your love of human liberty, and the Union itself is destroyed, and with it all that can make another.

We read in Daniel that the king of Babylon saw in his dream a great image. The head was of fine gold, the breast and arms of silver, the belly and thighs of brass, the legs of iron, and the feet part of iron and part of clay. He saw a stone which smote the image on the feet of iron and clay, and brake them, and the gold, and the silver, and the brass, and the iron, and the clay were broken to pieces together, and became as chaff of the threshing-floor, because the feet and the toes were part of iron and part of potter's clay, — partly strong and partly broken, — and because the iron and clay could not cleave together, and would not mix together in one.

Such is our American Union. The head, that is, the original ideas of the Union, the ideas of inalienable rights, and hu-

man freedom and progress, which inflamed the minds of its founders, were golden ideas,—excellently good. The breast and arms, that is, the institutions which they established, the republican form of government, the representative institutions, are of silver,—good, but not as good as the ideas. The belly and thighs are of brass; that is, the practical working of our institutions, the national life and manners, are not as good as the institutions themselves. Then the legs are of iron, and the feet part of iron and part of clay. The iron represents the immense energy and strength which this nation possesses, in consequence of its free institutions. Freedom is its strength. But it stands supported by freedom and slavery, which cannot mingle any more than clay and iron,—it rests on white freedom and black slavery.

Here, then, is the MOTIVE for that secession movement which has made the war inevitable. It is the determination of the slaveholders not to submit to the decision of the majority, regularly expressed at the polls, against the extension of slavery. It is the purpose, on their part, to rule or to ruin. But this motive needs a reason to support it before it can be carried into action. States could not be hurried into secession by men who should say, “We will destroy the Union, because we have been defeated at an election, and expect to be hereafter in a minority.” Some plausible theory must be found to make their course seem justifiable. That theory was discovered by Mr. Calhoun, long ago. Never was there a more striking example of the power which lurks in an apparently inoffensive theory, in a mere political abstraction. When Mr. Calhoun maintained (following, indeed, the Kentucky Resolutions of Mr. Jefferson, and the Virginia Resolutions of Mr. Madison) that the Federal Constitution is a compact between the States as States, and that the States have a right to nullify, of their own authority, any act in which the General Government seems to them to have overstepped its power, he laid down the theoretical basis of the present secession. For if a State can nullify, much more may it secede. If it can nullify one act of Congress, it may nullify all; and this leaves it outside of Federal laws, and is itself secession. This theory of the Federal Government, after having been argued for more

than sixty years, is now to be decided by civil war. The London Times, ignorant as it has shown itself of many facts in this contest, was not far wrong in saying that, if the Confederacy conquers, it would prove their theory true, that the Constitution is only a treaty, not a government ; but that, if the North prevails, it will settle it forever that the Constitution of the United States is the supreme law of the land, and all acts of the Federal Government to be obeyed by the people of all the States.

We at the North have been taught to regard both the nullification and secession theories as equivalent to a doctrine of anarchy, and their success as the overthrow of all order and all union. We do not realize how deeply these ideas have been infused into the whole political creed of Southern statesmen. Supported by the great names of Jefferson, Madison, and Calhoun, it has made the doctrine of State Rights the object of fanatical devotion, and has weakened or destroyed all attachment to the General Government and to the common country. The patriotism of the South attaches itself to the State, not to the nation. Men there are Virginians, Carolinians, Georgians, and not citizens of the United States.

Another cause of the present course of the South is to be found in its ignorance of the North, and its bitter prejudice against Northern people. One illustration of this ignorance we will give, as it was shown in a quarter where we had a right to expect better information.

An article appeared last summer in the Louisville Journal, (a strong Union paper, as is well known,) comparing the annual products of Massachusetts and South Carolina, for the purpose of showing the superior wealth of the latter State. It compares the productions of each in the leading articles of corn, wheat, rice, and cotton, wool, cotton manufactures, woollen manufactures, and domestic manufactures. The article in the Journal has the signature of an intelligent and well-educated gentleman, Dr. J. B. Buchanan. His conclusion in regard to the productions of the two States is thus stated : —

Annual product of Massachusetts, . . .	\$ 14,482,444
“ “ South Carolina, . . .	29,917,121

"From these facts," says Dr. Buchanan, "it appears that South Carolina, with a little over one fourth of the white population of Massachusetts, produces, in the leading articles above, more than twice her annual wealth."

But "The Compendium of the Census of 1850," from which Dr. Buchanan drew these figures, gives (Table CXCV.) the products of manufactures, mining, and mechanic arts in the two States as follows:—

Massachusetts,	\$ 151,137,145
South Carolina,	7,063,513

We refer to this "Compendium of the Census," because that was in the hands of the writer in the *Journal* when he made his statement. But in fact this large sum of \$ 151,000,000 is not more than one half of the whole annual product of Massachusetts. For a volume was prepared in 1856, by order of the Legislature of Massachusetts, containing statistical returns from every town in the State, and giving a total result of \$ 295,820,681 for the annual production of Massachusetts, instead of Dr. Buchanan's statement of \$ 14,482,444.

It is evident that, if a highly intelligent Southerner can undervalue so immensely the resources of a Northern State, in an article deliberately prepared, and with the census before his eyes, such mistakes must be still more flagrant among the ignorant population of the South. What do those people of Tennessee and Alabama know of the power of the North; those whom Mr. Olmsted describes, who thought "the Texies" (Texas) were near Kansas, and that New York was a Slave State? Abused by politicians, persuaded that all Northern people are Abolitionists, and that Abolitionists are those who wish the slaves to cut their masters' and mistresses' throats, convinced that vice and brutality prevail through the Free States, and that society there is a failure, they have been dragged into secession. Such a community can only be instructed by the severe tuition of experience. Until they feel the power of the North, they will never know it.

We now approach a more serious question. What is to be the result of this war? Is the South to be conquered by the North; or is it to resist so effectually that we shall be obliged,

at last, to consent to secession? Strong reasons can be given for both opinions.

Many persons believe that we shall conquer the seceders in the course of a year, and bring every Southern State back into the Union. Their reasons for this opinion are plausible. They say that the South is not unanimous for secession; that the Union party had the majority in several of the States at the Presidential election in 1860. Tennessee and Virginia voted for Messrs. Bell and Everett, the Union candidates. For Mr. Bell and Mr. Douglas together, there were 40,000 votes in Alabama, 25,000 in Arkansas, 53,000 in Georgia, 27,000 in Louisiana. These votes represented then a Union sentiment, as opposed to secession. That sentiment has only been suppressed, not changed. It is prevented by force from asserting itself. The people of the seceding States have been deceived by the secession leaders, and when they discover the deception, they will indignantly reject them. If the United States occupy Maryland, Virginia, Missouri, and Tennessee with a strong force, and blockade effectually all the Southern ports, the Slave States will not be able to find means with which to carry on the war, and will be obliged to submit. Such is one theory, and, as we have said, it has plausibility.

The other view, however, is equally plausible. According to this, there is a radical hostility between the convictions and the spirit of slave society on the one side, and of free society on the other. War will not allay this, but will rather exasperate it. The wish to be separated from the North grows out of this hostility. There is no real union between the Free and the Slave States, but the opposite. Many of the people of the Slave States hate the people of the Free States with a deadly and irreconcilable hatred. This will very probably prevent any plan of reunion from succeeding. A people thus united cannot be conquered. Consequently, after both parties have proved the strength of their antagonists, the extreme South will be allowed to separate, but on reasonable terms. The Border States, Virginia, Kentucky, Maryland, and Missouri, having lost most of their slaves during the war, will become Free States, and remain with the Northern Union, which will then advance to greater power, wealth, and greatness than

ever. The union of the Gulf or Confederate States will be rent by factions, torn by slave insurrections, and at last, after having passed through as many revolutions as Mexico, will come under the control of some military despot,—who will, perhaps, provoke war with the United States, be conquered, and his territory reannexed, as free territory,—the slaves having been emancipated,—to the Union.

This view also has probability. But to decide which of these two opposite results is likely to take place, we ought to know the real pulse of the South. And that we do not know yet.

But whether we can decide or not as to the immediate result of the war, we can foresee some consequences as very certain to follow from it, and from the present marvellous uprising of the Northern people in support of their Union, government, and laws.

For example, one consequence will be an entire union of the Free States. Having passed together through this critical period,—having labored and fought and given and prayed and suffered together,—these States will be united in a bond of mutual sympathy and sisterhood which can never be broken. Indeed, we may say far more than this. We may say that, by this baptism of blood, we shall be born into a new national life. When we have passed through this crisis, we shall come out truly one nation, with a true national life. Woe to the States which are not now loyal! Avoiding their duties, affecting neutrality, neither hot nor cold, they will earn the contempt of all! They give up their place in this noble family. They lose their part in this great Pentecostal day of American history.

For there are periods in history which may be called PENTECOSTAL DAYS. And the present time seems to us to be eminently our Pentecostal Day, big with great results for the future,—as are all such critical times.

Human history is like the growth of the American aloe, for many years slow and imperceptible. For years you perceive no change. Then, all at once, when the time comes, there is a crisis. It shoots up a stalk ten or fifteen feet high, hung with innumerable flowers.

Or, again, history is like the progress of a comet, moving slowly, at a snail's pace, for hundreds of years, far away in the unfathomable abysses of space, then pitching down headlong on the sun, and whirling around it with a speed of which arithmetic is unable to convey any adequate idea, — the sure law of gravitation first plunging it almost into the burning face of the king of day, and then swinging it off once more into its lonely exile of outer darkness.

We are now, as a nation, in our perihelion of light and heat. We are in our blossoming period. This is to us one of those periods in history which may be called *PENTECOSTAL DAYS*. They are times in which a whole people or a community are filled with a common conviction, united in the same faith, inspired by the same purpose, are of one heart and of one soul. Such days come unexpectedly, — no one has foreseen them. They come from no human wit or wisdom. They no doubt have their laws, but these are laws of the supernatural world, not of the natural world. They therefore revive our faith in Providence, cause us to believe in a living God above us, and antagonize the material tendencies of mere science. They produce a wonderful and unexpected harmony of opinion and expression. Men who never agreed before, agree now. Those who have always misunderstood each other, now mutually appreciate each other. They say, with surprise, "Are not these who speak Galileans? And how hear we every man in our own tongue, wherein we were born?" Such union of heart and soul produces great results in action. Men so united can do almost anything they will. It makes them, for the time at least, unconquerable.

All races do not seem capable of receiving such an impulse. It requires a good moral and mental condition to be so moved and impelled. The noblest races are the most susceptible of it. Barbarians and savages, Australians and Hottentots, cannot be so moved. Irreligious races, like the materialistic Chinese, have no such susceptibility. But the two great races which have governed the world, and made all its history, — the *SEMITIC*, composed of Hebrews, Arabs, Phœnicians, Carthaginians, and the *JAPHETIC*, or *INDO-EUROPEAN*, including Persians, Greeks, Celts, Latins, and their descendants, — these

have had, again and again, their Pentecostal days of inexplicable, united, enthusiastic conviction.

We might, for example, refer to that period in Greek history when the Hellenic race rose as one man to repel the Persian invasion ; or to the Crusades, which made Europe, for the first time, one ; or to the Lutheran Reformation, overflowing Europe in a great tidal wave of new convictions ; or to the French Revolution, with its madness, but its devotion also. Such enthusiasms uplift whole races into higher regions, and leave them different from what they were before.

And now we are again in the midst of such a Pentecostal day. Our whole nation has felt again the rushing mighty wind, has seen again the tongues of fire, has again heard all men speaking in one tongue, all differences abolished, and the people filled with a new life.

The consequences, therefore, of this war, however it may terminate, may be to melt down all differences of the people, and to make us truly one in heart and soul. Twenty great States (even if the Slave States all go), with twenty millions of people, and stretching from the Atlantic to the Pacific, without a slave on its surface, and fused by the mighty beat of this struggle into complete union, will be capable of the most glorious future.

A more perfect UNION will therefore be one of the consequences of the present crisis. Those who remain united will be vitally and forever united. But another consequence will be a great extension of FREEDOM. Slavery, we all feel, has received its death-blow at the hands of the slaveholders. We do not clearly see *how* this war is to put an end to slavery. But all feel in their souls that Divine Providence has taken the matter into his own hands, and that it must surely be ended. Not perhaps immediately ; not, it is probable, suddenly. Probably before the end of the war slavery will have been so weakened in the Border States by the escape of fugitives to the North, by the slaves being carried South, by General Butler's legal process making them "contraband of war," or by the necessity of some act of emancipation by our generals in command under the war-power, that these Border States will enter the Union as free States. Those which have been loyal

will have their remaining slaves freed at the national expense, — those which have been only neutral will free them themselves. Such a result would be itself a compensation for the evils of war. For, no matter how bad war is, it is not so bad as slavery. That four millions of men should be permanently enslaved, is worse than that a hundred thousand men should fight during two or three days in the year. One day of American slavery is worse than a year of war. For what is slavery? It is permanent degradation of a race, by their being deprived of all motive and means of improvement, and condemned to be, not ends in themselves, but means for others. It is permanent demoralization of the slaveholders and their families, and the barbarism which results from a false system. It is permanent conflict between slaveholding States and non-slaveholding, — a conflict of feeling, a bitterness of will, worse than actual war. It is demoralization of the Church, forced to apologize for this sin, and to find excuses for it, till Christianity, sent to free man from all slavery, is made a fetter to bind him. These four classes of evils, coming from slavery, when taken together, are worse than war.

That this war must at least put an end to slavery in the Border States, is apparent to all thinking persons. For this nation will never allow such an enormous waste of life and treasure to take place, without leaving us some guaranty that it is not to take place again. We must be safe at the end of the war from all danger of future secession, insurrection, or nullification. The only guaranties we can have are either military subjugation of the Slave States, or emancipation of their slaves. The first would imply our keeping a large standing army, and a change in our republican institutions. This, therefore, will not be attempted. But if all the Border States become free States, their sympathies will be with the North, they will be colonized from the North and from Europe, free institutions will spring up among them, and so the element of freedom will become too powerful to be endangered again by slavery. The course of events, too powerful to be resisted by any human will, will make some such result inevitable, and for some such result the people are being rapidly educated.

III. The third question we proposed to consider has regard to our duties as patriots at this time.

The wonderful spirit of patriotism which has been developed among us must not be wasted. It should be rightly directed and carefully tended. It is ready to work, to give, to suffer. But it may be discouraged, it may grow weary, it may be checked by opposition where it ought to find support.

Our duty is therefore a universal one. We are all bound to watch to see that the Republic receives no harm. We cannot now trust that things will take care of themselves; we cannot leave them to be guided by the mere men of routine. The great power of public opinion must be brought to bear on all that is done, to prevent those abuses, that neglect, and that incompetence, which may be not very dangerous at other times, but which would be fatal now.

We ought to take, for all important offices, the best man we can find, the man most true to his country and to freedom, not asking what party he once belonged to. We must lay aside the miserable doctrine, "To the victors belong the spoils"; and that other doctrine, quite as false though less atrocious, that "Office is the reward of merit," — that men are to be put in office for what they have done before, rather than for what they can do, and what needs to be done now. It is true that so far as what a man has done before proves him able to do the present work, so far it ought no doubt to be considered. A man's past fidelity, ability, energy, insight, determines so far his fitness for the present work. But the true point always is, "What is needed to be done, and who can do it best?" Office is a duty, not a reward.

In such times as these, *more* than in common times, we need wise thought and speech. We need to know what is meant by everything; to keep mind and heart open and active, so as to learn the meaning of all events. A judgment comes to the world in order to show to the world truth, in order to make it see some great realities, and so lift it to a higher plane.

The people of the United States are all to be taught some great truths, which they needed to know. We are to learn, all of us, something we never believed before.

The truths are all common truths; but now they become real, and real to all.

These truths come into us all like the atmosphere; they bear us all up like the sea. As when the tide rises in Boston harbor it finds great ninety-gun ships lying at anchor in the stream; great steamers standing on even keel at the docks in the mud; some vessels lying on their sides, and little boats aground on the flats far from shore; and the advancing sea lifts them all on its soft surface, one by one, gently raising the great vessel with its thousand tons of freight, and lifting with it to the same level plane the little boat;—so these truths now pour into every home; they penetrate Beacon Street and Ann Street alike; they set the ladies to making shirts in splendid saloons with the tired seamstress, who steals from sleep another hour to give something all her own to the great cause.

It is our duty at the present time to be full of hope. There is no reason to be discouraged because war has returned upon us, after many thought it done with forever. War is symptomatic. It indicates deeper evils than itself, and opens the way for their cure. Patriots ought to be full of courage now, and full of faith. God has evidently determined to save the nation from the consequences of past sins,—yet so as by fire. We must suffer, we must endure, we must make sacrifices,—but we are to be saved. This nation is needed by Divine Providence, and cannot be spared. It is to pass through the purgatory of war, and so be fitted for a higher freedom and union than it has before attained.

It is our duty, the duty of all patriots, to resist the new attempts which may be made to compromise, to concede, and to surrender principle for the sake of peace. Such a surrender would be to throw away all the efforts and sacrifices already made. To surrender in the face of armed rebellion, would be only to invite another rebellion from the next defeated faction. It would be to make civil war chronic in the land, and to reduce this Union to the condition of the Mexican States. Although this is almost self-evident, yet the natural and proper desire for peace, and the long-established habit of compromising, may easily lead some of our statesmen to try their favorite expedient again. But if such an attempt

should succeed, we may consider the government overthrown and the Union gone forever. It is our duty, therefore, to resist all such proposals, no matter how plausible. If we must be defeated in war, let it be so;—but do not let us surrender any principle for which we contend.

When we look at the sin involved in war, we must regard it as a good thing that this sin should show itself. War is not the greatest of evils,—the national selfishness beneath it is the greatest evil. War is only a symptom of the deeper disease. In this sense, war is providential; it shows us ourselves in this dark glass; it makes the inward state of the nation take form outwardly.

So it was necessary for Christ to be crucified, that thus men might see the evil of their sin. So we see in this war, that we, as a people, are not what we should be; we see our want of true life, our need of more generosity, nobleness, and magnanimity.

Therefore, in the midst of this great calamity, we need not be troubled as though there were no meaning in it, and no good to come out of it. Troubled we must be, but not troubled *so*. God is guiding events still: they are moving forward toward a better future than has been seen yet. The first step in that future will be peaceful reunion, or peaceful separation,—the next step, after some time, emancipation and end of slavery,—and then, at last, will appear a true Christian democracy.

Thus Christ always comes, in the clouds of heaven; thus he comes amid darkness and storms, wars and rumors of wars, earthquakes and pestilence. But he *comes*, and the world advances, through all these struggles and trials, to its great and perfect destiny.

ART. VI. — THE CHURCH OF HOLLAND.

1. *Mélanges de Critique Religieuse*. Par EDMOND SCHERER. Paris, Genève, Amsterdam: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 8vo. pp. 588.
2. *Essais de Critique Religieuse*. Par ALBERT RÉVILLE. Paris, Genève, et Rotterdam: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 8vo. pp. 493.

WE prefix to the present paper on the Church of Holland, which is only the continuation and completion of the essay in the January number of this Review, the titles of two new volumes, not mentioned in the sketch, which very fairly represent the freedom, scholarship, and ability of that Church at the present time. In the Review of Current Literature we shall describe more fully the contents of these volumes, and mention what seem to us to be their merits and their defects. Here we can only say, that a Church is signally fortunate which can count two such men among its teachers and preachers as Edmond Scherer and Albert Réville. They are the peers, in every respect, of Stanley, Jowett, and Temple in the English Church, and are allies whom the liberal Christians of America may claim with confidence and pride. We would add to these names that of Edward Reuss, who is one of their fraternity, were it not that his professorship at Strasburg seems to preclude mention of him as a preacher in the Church of Holland.

* The religious tendency personified in Van der Palm could have an enduring triumph only with the proviso, that the great problems of faith should be left untouched, and that profound religious needs should not come to the light. But when Europe had in some degree recovered its quiet, after the terrible commotions of the French Revolution and of the Empire, men were surprised to hear voices supposed to have been silenced again speaking openly, — voices which the noise of the storm had only overpowered, but not subdued. Every one knows the general spirit of reaction which in Europe followed the

* Translated from an essay, by Albert Réville, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for June 15, 1860.

infatuation, so sadly undeceived, which had aroused the great revolutionary movement. Old kings, old laws, the old faith,—such was the formula which found in the political and religious world of that epoch numerous and strong echoes. Europe, torn to its vitals by wars and political overturnings, had become very serious again. The season of bouquets to *Chloris* had passed,—as well in philosophy and theology as in literature. Holland, which had suffered less than many other lands, at least in its religious condition, from the frivolous spirit of the eighteenth century, was for that reason later in feeling the distrust universally diffused toward all that this spirit had engendered; but it was, nevertheless, compelled to share this distrust in its turn. The Methodist excitement of England found its way into and through the land, aided both by Catholic tradition, which was far from being absorbed by the ideas of the age, and the national sentiment, which had too many grievances against certain results of the Revolution to be very fond of anything which seemed to wear its colors. Poetry, politics, and the religious revival concurred to give a growing force to the Calvinist reaction. About the year 1823, a group of men eminent in more than one direction, gathering themselves around the poet *Bilderdyk* as a centre, summoned, with increasing vehemence, their country to throw off its dogmatic indifference, to return to the vivifying sources of national theology, and to regenerate itself by a much more active share than heretofore in those missionary, evangelical, and charitable enterprises which were beginning to take such marvellous expansion in Protestant lands. This return to the ancient Reformed doctrines is easy to explain,—especially among men who were scarcely touched by the difficulties aroused by modern inquiry. Piety is by preference *archaic*; the mature man, beaten by the tempest, readily goes back to the faith of his earlier years. This movement, favored by the aristocratic party, which saw in it still another guaranty against the demands of liberalism, was fortified, especially among the lower classes, by the renewed antagonism between the Protestant and Catholic Churches. The growing difficulties with Belgium,—the issue of the revolution which followed, so mortifying to Dutch patriotism,—the bolder as-

sumptions of Ultramontanism, disposing of a third at least of the population as if this were a single man, — all these forced the Protestants on in a path where it was very hard to separate the essential principles of Protestantism from the form which its fathers had given to it in the glorious days of the national insurrection. In these last years this movement has come to take proportions alarming to those firm partisans of liberty who love this too well to sacrifice it to the desire of contending against its enemies. When, in 1853, the Court of Rome, in its wisdom, resolved to reinstate the episcopal hierarchy among the Catholics of Holland, yet, by an unaccountable forgetfulness of propriety, threw insulting defiance to the history and religion of a majority of the Dutch people in its manner of publicly setting forth the motives of this resolution, a fearful rage took possession of the Protestant masses, to whom, before the world, such useless and unmerited insults were given. No sooner had the pontifical address become public in the land, than innumerable protests, with many thousands of signatures, were sent up to the king, to assure him that the dear *Hervormde Kerk*, the Church of his glorious ancestors, the martyrs of liberty, was living yet, had not the least intention of dying, and was in no way willing to accept the abusive epitaph which men on the other side of the Alps were proposing to write on what they called its "tomb." In short, it needed all the combined prudence of the king, the Chambers, the Reformed Synod, and the upper classes to quiet this movement, which some politicians were able to use in furtherance of their views, but of which it were absurd to deny the honesty. We have mentioned it as an instance of the force which the Protestant tradition in Holland still possesses.

This ardent reaction in the direction of the old Calvinism is the cause, as we think, of the contrary extreme which has made itself very prominent for several years past. The unbelief of the last century found but little sympathy in Holland, as we have already stated. Nevertheless, it was not entirely without adherents in this country. On the other hand, the lack of strict philosophical studies, and the slight fancy for abstruse speculation, made Holland a slow and distant follower, rather than an actor, in the imposing and tragic fortunes of

German philosophy. There were minds, however, which could not fail to be charmed by the strong ideas of Hegel. All know with what rapidity, after the master's death, Hegelianism gained authority from Strauss, and influences even worse. The fear of a return of the old Calvinist bigotry brought about in Holland a curious alliance between Deism and Pantheism, — opposite tendencies, which joined themselves now in profound hostility to the Christian Church, and even to Christianity. A monthly magazine, *De Dageraad* (The Aurora), was started at Amsterdam to popularize these negative ideas. The most incredible confusion, an indescribable motley of antagonistic ideas and sentiments, has marked the five years of life which this miscellany has already attained. It has given us the spectacle of a union of would-be Voltairian mockery with the lucubrations of an intolerable Hegelian pedantry. We ought, however, to say, that latterly the Hegelianism of the *Dageraad* seems to cast into the shade its Voltairian Deism, which change is certainly a progress. Yet, even from its own point of view, the organ of which we are speaking seems to us to be taking a false direction. It is contributing to that very religious narrowness against which it professes to fight, just as Socialism in other lands has shown itself to be the surest aid to political reactions. While the spirit of the age, and the interest, well understood, of the Christian religion itself, demand that a severe criticism, of which none may doubt the freedom, shall vindicate and uphold the rights of science against the trenchant pretensions of religious dogmatism, it is equally unphilosophical to mount this as a battery against the Church and Christianity. Such tactics fatally beget a sectarian temper, which cannot contend to advantage with the same temper elsewhere under other forms; and it needs no reflection to see that criticism will be no more disinterested in the camp of obstinate negation than in that of affirmation at any cost.

Moreover, the effects of this tendency have been, up to the present time at least, quite inappreciable upon the people, the immense majority of whom regard the *Dageraad* as a bad book, to be read only in secret, — an opinion which confirms by its extravagance all that we have just been saying. As to the Orthodox movement, — so called from its wish to restore in

their ancient strictness the official doctrines of the Reformed Church, — it has reckoned among its representatives very eminent men, whose influence, aided by the causes which we have already described, would have been much more powerful, if it had not encountered that spirit of criticism and free inquiry which Protestantism cannot shake off. Among these men we may mention M. Groen van Prinsterer, an historian, a statesman, a political orator, one of those superior minds which do honor to any land. Not as a theologian, rather as a politician and historian, has he become the advocate of the Orthodox revival. He imagines that, since the dogmatic system of the Reformed Church was finally fixed in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, no one within its communion has the right to bring forward any ideas contrary to this. He believes that the safety of the country is bound up with the rigid maintenance of the doctrines consecrated at Dordrecht, and with the authority, if not absolute, at least very predominant, of the House of Orange. It is not the least of the glorious titles of this royal house, that it is very hard to tell its history without becoming its warm advocate, which has happened in the case of M. Groen.

This political side of the religious question in Holland was also taken by M. Da Costa, a Jew of Amsterdam, converted to Christianity by the influence of Bilderdyk. Da Costa brought into his Christian convictions a vivid poetical talent, the warm colors of an Oriental imagination, and a true rabbinical subtlety. In the view of this remarkable man, whom death has just removed from his country, the Dutch people is in the modern world much the same as the Israelites were in the ancient world, — the special depositary of religious truth. The family of Orange might be compared with the family of David! This family might be allowed, if it should find it necessary, to substitute an absolute rule for the very liberal constitution which it has sworn to keep; and, of all the revolutions known to history since that which once set David upon the throne of Saul, M. Da Costa knew only two that were lawful, — that of the sixteenth century in the Low Countries, and that of 1688 in England. It is needless to add, that the same reactionary temper inspired the religious ideas of this singular man. In the first

years of his public career, he attempted to legitimate the slavery of the negroes, under pretext that the race of Ham was made by Noah's curse subject to the other two races, doubtless forgetting that from his own Biblical point of view the curses of the Old Covenant are destroyed by the New Covenant. He denied, moreover, with an inexhaustible fecundity of explanatory theories, the most clear assertions of criticism as applied to the Bible. The well-merited fame of M. Da Costa as a poet gave to his religious ideas an influence which their positiveness would not of itself explain; he shone, indeed, in the front rank of contemporary Dutch literature. To this must be added his dazzling eloquence in advocating his ideas in the public assemblies. Though an indifferent prose-writer, as an orator he was irresistible.

Notwithstanding, it would be unjust to attribute to Dutch Orthodoxy, as a whole, notions so whimsical. In fact, it is much less homogeneous than at first sight we should believe; and among those who would be regarded as its proper defenders, there are many whose sympathies for the old doctrines do not hinder them from admitting, on more than one point, the just claim of modern reason. This circumstance makes the position of some of them rather embarrassing, as for instance M. Chantepie de la Saussaye, a Walloon pastor in Leyden, who, in attempting to harmonize his science and his prejudices by means of somewhat obscure metaphysical theorizing, finds himself quite isolated in the real conflict. We are tempted to say the same thing of the Theological Professors in the University of Utrecht, who (with the exception of M. Ter. Haar, whose pictures of ecclesiastical history are highly prized) are regarded as coming nearest to the old Calvinism. This tendency is moreover the tradition in the University of which we speak.

The most marked person among the men of talent who have come out for the Orthodox reaction, bating a narrowness and intolerance too often to be regretted, is J. J. van Oosterzee, pastor at Rotterdam. M. Van Oosterzee has given himself to the defence of supernaturalism, undermined, as he thinks, by the course of modern theology. He loves miracle and the infallible authority of Scripture. The complete emancipation

of the individual conscience terrifies him, and he would hold, if not to the letter, at least to the fundamental principles of the ancient Confession of Faith. The theological adversaries of Van Oosterzee stigmatize him as wanting, not in learning, but in the scientific spirit;—as allowing himself, even in his didactic works, to be biased by the sentiments of his pious heart and the dreams of his fine imagination, and as sacrificing often, and sometimes unconsciously, the results of an impartial criticism to the seductions of a lyrical eloquence. They maintain that, since no official authority has established what must be understood as fundamental points in the Reformed doctrine, no one has of himself a right to decide these without allowing others the same right, and of setting aside, if they think it necessary, the limits which have been fixed in the first attempt. This, in fact, is the weak side of Dutch Orthodoxy; strong still in the number and zeal of its adherents, it sees religious science more and more turning against it. German criticism now has full swing in a province which for a long time was wholly closed against it. The history of dogmas, the purely historical interpretation of the Bible, above all, the imperious needs of minds supplied from the best sources of philosophy and the existing sciences, loudly demand a transformation of religious teaching.

Before this, from the time of Van der Palm, Professor Van Voorst had commended to students the labors of the German theologians. Another Dutch Professor, Van Heusde, had almost resuscitated Platonism, so warmly did his lectures breathe enthusiasm for the system of the great Athenian genius. These were doubtless the hardly perceptible irrigations of a soil still scarcely penetrable;—nevertheless, they prepared it. In proportion as theological questions were broached, the taste for philosophy revived, as it has always been in the history of these two sisters, who quarrel so often, yet cannot dispense with each other. Soon the movement became more marked. Roorda brought forward a very striking spiritual psychology, founded upon observation of facts, and in strong reaction from that sharp dualism of soul and body in which the former spiritualism was so unfortunately involved. At present, if anything can prove how much phi-

losophy has revived in the country of Spinoza, it is the influence gained by the ideas of Opzoomer, Professor of Philosophy at Utrecht. Opzoomer has not exactly a system, rather a *method*. Keen, sagacious, artist as well as thinker, and determined to keep at all hazards his freedom, he has broken from the Hegelian tendency which he substantially showed when he was appointed in youth to the post which he still holds. Since that time he has substituted for *a priori* speculation a sort of spiritual empiricism, in principle that of Auguste Comte, but in breadth and accuracy of its applications far superior to the system of the French Positivist. The observation, criticism, and classification of facts, and the determination of their laws, are the prime work of philosophy as he understands it. It ought to be nurtured by the juice of all other sciences; and it can be perfect only when all other sciences have brought their just contribution to the mass of human knowledge. Among objects of observation, the religious sentiment and the moral sentiment are, as he regards them, realities, to be taken into account as much as phenomena learned by the five senses; and these are the enduring bases on which it will always be possible to rebuild religious and moral doctrine, even when all our metaphysics, all our idealism, have failed to hold their own before realistic criticism. Hence the provisional dualism which seems to Opzoomer inevitable between the aspirations of religious and moral sentiment and the established facts of the experimental sciences. In his most recent writings, however, Opzoomer seems to come nearer Christianity, if not in the fixed scheme of doctrine called by that name, at least in the moral ideal realized in Christ. He finds in this the principle of freedom, the disinterested love of truth,—in a word, the salutary tendencies to which the thinker can conform his intellectual work, and the man of the world his conduct. The application to religious science which his disciples have made of these principles has created, not a body of doctrines, but a critical and serious tendency, which is felt more and more in theological studies.

About the same time that the return to the old dogmas of the Reformed Church showed itself, there prevailed in the University of Groningen a religious tendency, which, agreeing

in certain points with the school of reaction, was impelled, by its more profound regard for the rights of science, in a very different direction. From this heterodox movement — to which Hofstede de Groot, Pareau, and Muurling, Professors of Theology in this University, brought each their share, with a rare conformity of views and principles, even so far as preparing in common their theological treatises — arose the doctrine well known in Holland as the Groningen doctrine. Like the Orthodox reactionary party, the Groningen school feels that mysticism has an important place in religion; that a mere rational and easy morality does not satisfy that thirst which burns always in the truly religious soul. It can call to witness the grand Dutch mystics of the ante-Reform period, especially Wessel Gansfort, to show that it really keeps the national tradition when it raises the banner of mysticism, too long buried under the traditional scholasticism of the former and the unstable morality of the latter time. At the same time it cannot hide the fact that the progress of science demands a revision of Christian dogmas, that the old orthodox doctrines are no longer consistent with the spirit of the age, and that the Bible freely interpreted is far from justifying many of these dogmas. Especially does it feel the truly philosophic need, which all scientific theologies must speedily recognize, of attaching Christianity, the Bible, the Church, the whole religious development of humanity, to a principle vast enough to cover all their chances and variations. This principle, enunciated already by Lessing and Herder, is the education of the human race by God, who would raise men, his children, progressively to likeness with himself.

The culminating point of this educational work of God is the mission of Christ, upon whose nature the Groningen doctors have a theory which comes very near to Arianism. Their Christ is not God, but a divine being fitted by the Heavenly Father for the mission he came to fulfil, by taking on the human nature. Since his ascension, Christ, to whom in some sort God has delegated his power over men, guides always the religious destinies of the Church; and it is in this sense of immediate and personal communion with the glorified Christ that the mystical element of the Groningen doctrine especially

dwells. The love of men, the desire to aid in their well-being, both material and moral, constitutes here the essential proof of Christianity and the Christian man. Upon other points of ecclesiastical teaching this school generally takes a middle ground, which is not very satisfactory to a strict logic ; but it delighted from the start a great number of minds, which the sharp points of the old Calvinism repelled, and which now found themselves able to live in the religious life without putting their good sense to the torture. The periodical miscellany entitled "The Truth in Charity" (*Waarheide in Liefde*) is developing the ideas of the Groningen school with a success which proves what sympathy they find in the public heart ; and we must add, to the honor of this school, that the men who belong to it, both laymen and pastors, have started or patronized a large number of enlightened philanthropic enterprises. Many institutions which have as an end the moral elevation and education of the people, relief for their sufferings and the propagation of a spiritual and tolerant piety, are due to their zeal ; and, what is very rare, we see the heterodoxy of Groningen putting to shame, in its philanthropic fervor, the orthodoxy of all around it, slumbering on in its old routine. Nevertheless, this system of compromise in religious doctrine, while it could not satisfy the orthodox reaction, and while it brought upon itself the most violent attacks from that quarter, was not long in being set aside by that religious science of which it had diffused the love and sustained the rights. What it especially lacked was the critical and philosophical spirit.

The Groningen school was after all but a single movement toward modern theology. In these last years we must seek at Leyden the boldest and most authoritative exhibitions of religious science. The famous University of this city, which has never ceased to reckon illustrious names in its list of Professors, is still worthy of its past eminence. The existing Dean of its Theological Faculty is the venerable Van Hengel, one of those men, too rare in every land, whose erudition is more than a passion, rather a *life*. Upwards of fourscore years in age, yet keeping still all his youthful activity and freshness, he is the type of that class of German scholars which Renan, in his

Essay upon Creuzer,* has so well characterized. We shall never forget the impression which came upon us as for the first time we entered the study of the old Doctor, and saw in that labyrinthine library, in the centre of the piled-up masses of volumes, the original and strongly formed head under its rich crown of snowy hairs. The short breeches, the shoes with buckles, the cut of the coat, all carried us at once sixty years into the past. All the conditions of a picture of the old Dutch school were there, — a table covered with green serge, a quiet and shaded canal passing under the window, a joyous and modest beam of sunlight, such as is only seen in Holland, disporting itself discreetly upon the respectable folios ranged along the walls. Van Hengel, the author of highly prized commentaries upon several books of the New Testament, is a representative of the old philology. In spite of his extreme age, he is going on with his labors. In conversation, he fires up with the vivacity of a youth upon the minute details of that science, mother of so many more, in the service of which he has amassed the treasures of a prodigious erudition. Caring but little for dogma or historical criticism, he loves true science too well to be alarmed by the novelties of contemporary theology, or to imitate those atrabilious graybeards who curse the advances which have been made on the very road which they themselves opened for the youth of their own time. He has known how to keep pace with real science, for the recent developments of which, at least in his own land, he can boast of preparing the way. He is the genius of the old philology encouraging young criticism, while giving it the prudent counsel which a long experience fully authorizes.

The great theological movement of the present day in Holland has at Leyden as its special organs Kuenen and Scholten,† the first in criticism, the second in dogmatics.

* *Essais de Critique et de Morale.* Paris, 1859.

† The Theological Faculty of Leyden lost, a few years since, a young Professor, Niermeyer, carried off by a premature death at the moment of his rapidly growing fame. He it was who revised, confirmed by many new proofs, and naturalized in Holland the modern interpretation of the Apocalypse, this enigma of eighteen centuries which German patience and sagacity have solved at last. The Faculty has recently met with another loss in the person of Kist, whose labors in ecclesiastical history are highly prized in Germany.

Kuenen is still young. An Orientalist of the first class, endowed with a clearness of view and an exegetical tact which make him a *critic* in the best sense of that word, he promises most nobly to illustrate the theology of Holland. An idea of Kuenen's worth as a theologian may be drawn from his general views upon Hebrew prophecy. He rejects distinctly the common idea of the prophets, that the mission of these extraordinary men was only to predict the future, or to tell many centuries in advance some accidental circumstances of the life of Christ. The prophets were rather *preachers* than foretellers. When they make predictions, these are in close relation to their age, their surroundings, their personality, which could not be if the prophecies were dictated from above as oracles in which human reason counted for nothing. Moreover, it can be demonstrated that many of these predictions have not been fulfilled. The prophecies of Israel, like its monotheism, are a phenomenon which reaches in this people its highest and noblest development, but which has analogies more or less marked in the other Semitic races. Enthusiasm for the fatherland and the national faith is the trait of character common to all the prophets. That which to our prosaic and reflective minds seems strained and unintelligible in their manner of speaking and acting, belongs to the phenomena of religious inspiration among a primitive people. It is an instant and irresistible seizure of the substance by the mastering idea or sentiment. Many other facts of the same kind can be gathered from history. Such is the sincerity of the zeal of the prophets, that, though generally very close to the Mosaic law, they prefer its spirit to its letter, and so become men of the future, heralds and precursors of the Gospel. The predictions which the old theology saw fulfilled in the history of Christ and the Church are more naturally explained by facts nearly or quite contemporaneous with the prophets themselves. Yet this does not prevent them from being organs of this marvellous Messianic hope upon which Christianity was ingrafted, and all through their writings we can detect the rudiments and follow the varied forms of this hope.

We must finally speak of Scholten, without dispute the

most remarkable living theologian of Holland. His works, already numerous, show vast learning, organized by a mind trained to all the discipline of modern philosophy. The principal work which established his theological fame is entitled "The Doctrine of the Reformed Church, and its Fundamental Principles." We may mention also a "Comparative History of Philosophy and Religion," in which experts will admire the exposition and criticism of the systems of Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza, and Hegel. We will try to give a rapid sketch of his rich and forcible system.

The method of the Leyden Professor is speculation founded upon experiment. He would have both theologian and philosopher start from facts of immediate reality ; but this confining one's self to observation alone would lead to no positive conclusion. The task and the proper ambition of the thinker consist in deducing from these facts laws and truths to form a logical and consistent system. It is not in the name of a religious authority, dictating faith *a priori*, and leaving to thought no other work than grammatical interpretation, that sound theology speaks. In this, as in everything else, observed facts must precede formulas. This granted, religion offers itself to the observer as a natural fact, as a spontaneous tendency of human nature, attaching itself, in the full consciousness of its act, to the Absolute Being, of whom, even before reason begins to work, this tendency implies the existence : if there were no God, there could be no religion. But we are yet in face of an Unknown Infinite, and must go on with our observation. In looking upon the totality of things in nature and humanity, man comes to know Him of whom these are the manifestation ; for since Absolute Being cannot be bounded by the visible world, this must be the expression of His life, and must reveal Him to those whose inner development enables them to read in the great book of the universe. This is the distinction between the *manifestation* of God and the *revelation*, which has a large place in Scholten's system, and profoundly modifies the common idea of revelation. In fact, God is always manifesting himself, and to all men ; only some know how to interpret this steady manifestation. These are prophets, in the broadest sense of the word, — what He-

brew antiquity calls *Seers*,—those that through all history have heard distinctly the mysterious voice, while the multitude have been hearing only vague and distant echoes. Inspiration is this sublime gift, bestowed upon the privileged few of our race,—this superiority of the religious sense, which enables them to initiate the crowd into the truths which it could not of itself discover. In this regard, religious inspiration differs in its object, though not in its nature, from other inspirations, poetical, scientific, and the like, which constitute genius, and to which humanity owes its progress in every kind. Only we must not confound the form of the inspiration with what we may call its basis and substance. The inspired man is not infallible in the expression which he gives to the sentiment that moves him; but as this sentiment necessarily reflects the object of the prophetic intuition, it belongs to reflective reason to seek intellectual truth, *dogma*, in the word of those who reveal. Revelation, so understood, is neither opposed to reason, nor a promulgation of pretended mysteries imposed upon faith. Strictly speaking, mystery is that which we do not know; and if, on the one hand, mystery must exist so long as man has not in all things perfect knowledge, on the other, as revelation widens, the domain of mystery is narrowed,—which is exactly opposite to the most common idea of mystery. Moreover, Scholten thinks that this common idea is a subterfuge of orthodoxies superseded by reason, which have found it very convenient now to hide under this imposing word the dogmas elaborated at other epochs, and then intended to mark definitely off what was vague, and to throw light on what was dark.

These statements show the position which Scholten holds in regard to the old doctrines of the Church. And we may here be allowed to enter into some developments of a scientific nature, which it is impossible to keep out of sight in such a matter. Scholten has much less care to deny the ancient doctrines than to separate from the *letter* those higher truths which constitute the Spirit. He keeps for the Bible the rank which beyond dispute belongs to it in the gradual progress of revelation in human consciousness; but his theory of inspiration leaves to historical criticism full and entire freedom.

He will not transform Christ into a modern philosopher ; but he makes prominent the fact, that, in Christ's spontaneous intuition of God, the thinker of our day discovers important and sublime truths, of which only the name is modern. Thus the old Christian idea of " God who is in the heavens " implies the infinity of God and his sovereignty in the world, while the " Spirit of God," which penetrates all things, and speaks to the human heart, marvellously answers to what the philosophy of our day has baptized with the awkward and ungainly word of "*immanence*." When the Church of the fourth century defined the dogma, previously unsettled, of the Trinity, it justified itself by the imperative demand of reason, which will ever deny the idea of a God inert and solitary in the icy depths of eternity ; yet it could not maintain, without a contradiction, the unity of the Divine Essence ; it separated the *Word* from the Holy Spirit, not seeing that the one was the Greek, and the other the Jewish form of the same religious idea ; and it committed the wrong of identifying this Eternal Word with the historical person of Christ. It were better, according to Scholten, to represent the Word as the eternal revelation of God in the world. In humanity, Christ, by his religious and moral perfection, is for us the highest manifestation of the Divine Word, which speaks in him and by him. Jesus is *the Son of God*, in the sense of spiritual relation with God, which the Jews had long been accustomed to give to this expression, and in this Son of God, who was also Son of man, human nature could celebrate its communion with the Divine nature.

On the ground of anthropology, Scholten starts from the fact that man is born animal, yet bringing with him the germ of a spiritual development, of which God himself is the ideal. This is as true of the race as of the individual. The original fall is less in the history than in the heart of man, which passes from the sense of what it ought to be to the observation of what it is. Scholten has devoted some of his best pages to show that individual immortality is involved in the very fact that man feels himself called to go beyond physical and purely organic nature, and that he alone, unlike all living creatures which have preceded him on earth, has a

temper which demands the sacrifice of bodily life. Sin is *lack*, is imperfection in the spiritual life, and consequently is real misery, since happiness for every living being can be only the full expansion of its life and the realization of its destiny. Sin is then at once that which ought not to be, and the intermediate state which separates the state of innocence from the state of holiness. Here Scholten comes back upon the favorite ground of the old Reformed teachers, and declares himself sharply in favor of moral *determinism*; he regards indifferent free will as a chimera. Let us add, however, that he takes pains to avoid the rock of fatalism, by saying that man, in virtue of the power of reflection with which he is endowed, can suspend his decision, and put himself under the influence of good motives. True liberty, as he regards it, consists in complete emancipation from every kind of moral evil. Such is the destiny, in view of which God created man, and man will sooner or later reach this, unless the Creator is to be vanquished by his creature. The Calvinistic idea of the "assurance of salvation" meets us here thus in a new light, and dis-embarrassed from the frightful darkness of an eternal hell. On the other hand, experience, which teaches us that the longer we delay in egotism and sensuality, the more difficult it is to attain the holy life, must be reckoned among the motives which lead men to avail themselves of the divine dispensations of which history is the theatre and Christ the centre.

In fact, Scholten thinks that the Christ came out of the very heart of our race, which must of necessity, as well as the individuals which make it up, reach the end set before it. In Christ ideal religion is realized, the complete surrender of self to God and men. In Christ, revealer of God by the spotless purity of his heart, the light which lightens every man coming into the world shone with an incomparable splendor, and hereby man also has clearly read the word which nature and conscience had not yet told him, or that he had not dared to decipher,—God is love. In conformity with the laws which rule the solidarity of minds, from Christ comes a regenerative force, a power of light and life, which, since his coming, has worked in humanity like a leaven, dispelling superstitions, reforming insensibly social institutions, bringing men to a continually clearer

knowledge of their duties and their true welfare, until the time when, according to his word, "the whole loaf shall be leavened." Christ is thus the living demonstration of our divine destiny, for he on earth had the eternal life, and could promise this to all his brethren. We must then live in moral communion with him, and apply the principles drawn from this pure source to the labors in every kind, brilliant or common, which employ life. Scholten thinks, like Schleiermacher, that the religious life ought to be to ordinary life what harmony is to melody, raising and sustaining this. So the divine life must course more and more through the veins of humanity, and, if its progress seem slow to our impatience, we must not the less have faith in the future, and, not suffering ourselves to be discouraged by any obstacle, go on to meet it in the firm and joyous assurance that, according to the sublime foresight of an Apostle, "God will finally be all in all."

This teaching, which we have been obliged to describe only in its leading characteristics, has more force from the fact, that, after profound study of the old Reformed doctors, Scholten is bold to affirm that, far from breaking from the Calvinist tradition, he only continues its natural and logical development. We can well understand how readily such a point of view must win for him in Holland a wide sympathy. To this cause, no doubt, are due the incessant attacks of the orthodox party upon Scholten, which sees in him its most formidable adversary. Even the school of Groningen is beginning to find favor in orthodox eyes as compared with this more consistent and radical theology. On another side, the peculiarly critical mind of Opzoomer does not find itself quite satisfied with this teaching, — very liberal, doubtless, but very affirmative. Yet the distance between the two does not seem to us very wide. Since both agree that experimental observation should precede all speculation, the criticism of Opzoomer can serve as a permanent correction of affirmations which seem to him not so much false as rash, while the system of Scholten, by reason even of the principles which guide its method, remains open to all the corrections that a more exact observation of nature and history may finally require. The specially vulnerable point of this system is its moral *determinism*, and the purely negative notion of sin,

which is its inevitable corollary. It is currently reported that Scholten has tried to avoid fatalism, but that he has certainly not succeeded.

The time has not yet come to decide the real value either of these attacks or of the doctrine which calls them forth. The contest is far from being ended. The orthodox party, setting aside the truth, which is its permanent possession, can sustain itself for a long time by the tenacious hold which the love of religious tradition has upon the masses and upon pious hearts, whose few intellectual wants make faith the easier. The medium and prudent tendency, which centres at Groningen, has just now the control in the majority of the middle class. Yet it cannot be disguised that every year is swelling the number of adherents to what is called "the modern theology." Within ten years, the young men of the Universities have been adopting more and more its principles. Already these principles are popularized by the writings and sermons of young and eloquent advocates. Especially remarkable is the great number of distinguished men, both within and without the clerical ranks, who have abandoned the camp of Orthodoxy, toward which their education or early preferences had first guided them, to accept frankly the tendencies which triumph at Leyden. We cannot, in any case, deny to these tendencies the merit of having brought back to the Church and to Christianity many educated men, of the liberal professions especially, who would otherwise have lived in indifference or in unbelief. These growing successes have aroused a cry from many voices, that such impious negations shall be cut short. Disciplinary measures here and there are mentioned, restrictions upon the freedom of preaching, a new Synod, something like that of Dordrecht,—means which will accomplish nothing, which are equally repugnant to the widespread spirit of toleration, to the good sense of educated orthodox men, and to the instructive experience that this famous Synod did not hinder the doctrines which it proscribed from finding place, and even triumphing in the Church which at first rejected them. Thus Scholten and his friends can at any moment bring their most ardent adversaries before the bar of that Synod, and show them that, judged by the canons

of Dordrecht, they themselves would be heretics of the first rank.

We have attempted to describe the new life which is animating theological studies in Holland. We cannot, nevertheless, pretend to exhaust the list of all the remarkable works and men of the Dutch theology. It would be a mistake to limit absolutely the writers* who ought to be mentioned to any that these sketches have described. Individualism has too strong a hold upon the Dutch Church to allow such a limit; and the downfall of dogmatic barriers within it somewhat resembles the same process in the demands of political economy upon the existing governments. Men fear, if the barriers are thrown down, that industry, production, and the spirit of enterprise will all become stagnant; yet the results in every case are demonstrating how ill-founded are these fears. The fact is, that, since the beginning of this century, religious science and life have pursued an upward progress, which everything conspires to carry on still farther; and we may add, *libertate regnante*. Freedom is a grand and beautiful thing, and it is pleasant to see it thus display its force in a country so small in extent, and of so positive a character that minds in it would seem to prefer quite other than transcendental regions. The bitterness and narrowness which we so often see in religious discussions are re-

* Among these writers may be mentioned Hockstra, Professor in the Mennonite Seminary at Amsterdam, who has drawn up an excellent commentary on the Canticles, interpreted on the theory, now admitted in German criticism, of a dialogue between Solomon and a young country girl, whom he tries unsuccessfully to marry; Busken Huet, descended from a French family, related to that which gave to Avranches the famous Bishop Huet, whose "Letters upon the Bible" popularize in an admirable style the results of the most advanced criticism; Pierson, pastor at Rotterdam, whose preference is for the æsthetic side of Christian truth, but who knows how to maintain the rights of religious sentiment without doing violence to independent criticism; Moll, Professor at Amsterdam, famed for his labors in Church History; and Roorda, Veth, and Rutger, who sustain the glorious traditions of Dutch philology in the study of Oriental tongues, and to the first of whom the world is indebted for a Japanese translation of the Bible. Besides the theological Review of Groningen, of which we have spoken, there are two periodicals, the *Godgeleerde Bydragen*, "Studies of Religious Science," and *Jaarboeken voor de wetenschap. Theologie*, "Annual of Scientific Theology," the first of which is more open to writers of liberal tendencies. We must not forget the Biblical Dictionary (*Bybelsch Woorderboek*), which is designed to initiate the reading public into the most recent results of criticism applied to the sacred books in a spirit at once respectful and impartial.

lieved by the fact that the prolongation of these debates takes away the bitterness and narrowness which they have frequently at the outset, and that man nowhere shows himself to be more faithful to the noblest tendencies of his being, than when he devotes heart and life to the disinterested pursuit of the invisible. In so living, he gives evidence of his immortal destiny. He is made for quite another end than to creep in the soil of vulgar interests. When we study man in his history, instead of studying him in the abstractions of the old psychology, we bring back from his agitations on the earth's surface something quite different from discouragement. The so frequent failure of reason's efforts to reach the truth, frightening the common mind, only reassures the thinker, since this very failure makes the constant and obstinate repetition of the efforts more instructive and more amazing. For ourselves, having faith in the human mind, we have very decided preference for many of the doctrines, at once old and new, which we have set forth in this essay, and we think that every step taken by man in the search after God brings him nearer to the goal, even when the course must be straight on to that. But granting to scepticism all that it would have, one thing they cannot deny, the natural and unwearied tendency of man toward an ideal which he has never seen, yet which exists, because it always draws him on. We would not speak slightly of the progress and discoveries in the immediate practical sciences. Man is transforming the earth, is subduing more and more the nature around him, is making this his humble servant, is bending it to the pleasure of his needs and desires in a manner truly marvellous. Certainly this is all very fine; but all this revolves with the planet, and never leaves the orbit which it has always from the beginning of its being described. Far finer, far richer in prophecy of the future, is the tangential movement by which the human soul at each instant would fly off to plunge into the Infinite.

In this conflict of religious ideas, moreover, we especially delight in the confidence with which science is appealed to, whether to defend or to purge religion, in any case to strengthen it. That is also a tradition in this land of freemen. Theology here is not the spiteful old woman who can only rail

against youth and against the sciences, her sisters, whom she once assisted to nurture after the fall of the ancient world had left them orphan and very poor in condition. When the illustrious Taciturnus requited the city of Leyden for the heroism which it had displayed against the Spaniards, by founding the famous and still flourishing University, Theology, under the guise of a beautiful maiden, with the four Evangelists beside her, led the symbolic band where all the sciences of the age were represented with their respective attributes. Since then they have never ceased to live harmoniously, lending each other mutual aid. Dutch theology has found in free inquiry its perpetual rejuvenescence, and Holland to-day goes hand in hand with Germany in the renovation of religious science, this great work to which our age is called.

ART. VII.—REVIEW OF CURRENT LITERATURE.

THEOLOGY.

If any substantial proof were asked of the freedom of thought and opinion which French Protestant theology now encourages, it would be found in the remarkable volume of Essays which M. Réville has recently collected and published.* Most of them have before appeared, either in the Strasburg Review, in the *Lien* of Paris, or in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. But the Preface, of more than seventy pages, is new, and it contains substantially Réville's confession of faith, both in dogma and in criticism. This strong and learned writer, who speaks the sentiments of a numerous party, and continues to hold as a preacher a very influential position, does not hesitate to express his want of sympathy with the whole system of the ancient creeds. He says boldly, that, *while religious science is becoming less orthodox, it is becoming more religious*; that modern discoveries are utterly hostile to the ideas of Trinity, Original Sin, and Verbal Inspiration; that Reason has in theology, as in all other science, a supreme claim; and that Protestantism cannot consistently fasten itself to any scheme of faith. He sums up his argument in this fine and significant paragraph: "The substance of all this is, that the man of to-day, who unites religious wants with scientific progress, must love, in Humanity, Religion, which

* *Essais de Critique Religieuse*. Par ALBERT RÉVILLE, Docteur en Théologie, Pasteur de l'Eglise Wallonne de Rotterdam. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 8vo. pp. 491.

is its highest life ; in Religion, Christianity, which is its highest revelation ; in Christianity, the Christian Church, which is its historical development ; in the Christian Church, Protestantism, which represents at once its old and new elements ; and finally, in Protestantism, the ultra Protestant tendency, which carries on the Reformation, and goes in the advance-guard of religious thought." This Preface is, in its way, quite as remarkable as any of the Essays in the recent famous English collection.

In addition to this Preface, the volume contains eight elaborate essays. The first of these is on the "Christian Church in the First Two Centuries." It shows most strikingly the long and doubtful strife between the Jewish and the Pauline tendencies in the Church. It proves that there was no unity of doctrine in the earliest Apostolic Church, and that this unity came in at last only through the influence of the Episcopate and the demand for a solid order. Long before the period when the creed was condensed and established, Christian faith had become corrupted by the intrusion of Pagan and Gnostic ideas. Though the composition of the fourth Gospel is carried back to a period previous to the beginning of the second century, it is maintained that it was scarcely known and very little used in the first half of this century. The whole essay abounds in valuable suggestions.

The second essay is a critical study of the Epistle of Clement to the Corinthians, which is carefully analyzed. Its genuineness is allowed, and its importance, as illustrating the state of opinion in the early Church, pointed out. What Réville thinks of the Pentecostal miracle may be inferred from his remark about "speaking with tongues that ecstatic language, the true nature of which tradition has so strangely misunderstood, in transforming it into foreign tongues miraculously spoken." Clement, according to Réville, knows nothing whatever of such a dogma as the Trinity, and treats Jesus as sent by God as an Evangelist, exactly as the Apostles were sent by him. While this Epistle lays the first stone of Roman Catholicism, in maintaining that the elders have a divine right in the Church to which they minister, it wholly neglects to give any dogmatic rules, and leaves the creed to individual preference.

The third essay in the volume is a most full and ingenious interpretation of the Apocalypse, showing that Nero is the Antichrist described therein, and utterly demolishing the foolish extravagances of such hierophants as Cumming. This essay, more than any, illustrates the learning of its author. The fourth essay, on "The History of Dogma," demonstrates the absurdity of the ecclesiastical claim that its creed, even if a growth, has been always *consistent*. Réville shows that the Church has repeatedly given itself the lie, has contradicted its own words, and has pronounced that to be heresy in one age which in the previous age it had accepted as orthodoxy. Prior to Athanasius the Church had denied the equality of the Father and the Son, — denied it by their doctors and denied it in Councils. Afterwards, they asserted it. He insists that the theory of Anselm about Redemption distinctly contradicts the theory of Irenæus and Origen. The fifth essay, on the Canticles,

though a great improvement upon the common allegorical renderings of that poem, seems to us less exact and just than the rendering of M. Renan, of which we propose hereafter to speak more fully. The sixth essay, on the "Rhine Legends," traces these stories to their religious origin, and finds them in some idea of the Biblical history or the Church theology. The Cologne virgins, the Dragon Rock, the "Three Kings," the "Mouse Tower," and many other stories, Catholic and Protestant, are all the popular expression and embodiment of traditional religious superstitions. This essay sparkles with quaint critical sallies, which attest the author's humor not less than his correct taste in art. Of the seventh essay, on "Theological Curiosities," which shows up the absurd observations of popular orthodox commentators, we have only to complain that it is too short. The final essay, on "Religious Studies in France," reviewing the works of Renan, finds in them a noble augury for the future of French theology. The whole volume is vigorous and refreshing, in style as in thought.

THE rationalism of M. Scherer is much more "pronounced" than that of M. Réville, but in its general tendency and spirit his volume of *Miscellanies** is like that of his friend and co-laborer. His style is somewhat less elegant and finished; yet it does not lack the qualities of clearness, vigor, and precision. M. Scherer is a trained and close reasoner, and has a taste for logical contests. He follows up his adversaries with unflinching sturdiness, and drives them into and out of their last resort. No critic of opinions or men can be more keen in his analysis, or more severe in his exposure of inconsistencies, whether of statement or conduct. This persistent spirit of logical analysis gives to M. Scherer's volume a tone of hard-heartedness, which does not really represent the temper of the man, more than the critical writings of Theodore Parker represented his kind and genial temper. M. Scherer, indeed, is the Theodore Parker of France, and in many respects strikingly resembles the American heresiarch. He is, however, much more sparing of abusive epithets, and much less rhetorical in his style. There is nothing in this volume which would be technically termed "fine writing," yet it is able throughout, and never dull. Every topic is philosophically treated, with the insight of a thinker and the ease of a master.

The volume contains sixteen essays. The first essay, on the "Crisis of Faith," exposes the unsettled condition of thoughtful minds in all churches, — Jewish and Christian, Catholic and Protestant, — and the demand for a more intelligent and consistent theological system. The second essay, on the "Inspiration of Scripture," utterly demolishes the theory, not only of verbal, but of special inspiration, and holds that the record of revelation is to be interpreted and studied like any other book. This argument is continued in the third essay, "What the Bible is," and the relative value of its various parts, of its history, poetry,

* *Mélanges de Critique Religieuse*. Par EDMOND SCHERER. Paris: Joël Cherbuliez. 1860. 8vo. pp. 588.

prophecy, and practical wisdom, is discriminated. While maintaining most strongly the worth of the Bible as a whole, M. Scherer is bold to say that some parts of the canon have not now, and never have had, much use except as literary fragments, and that many who have understood John or Paul have not understood Jesus. The fourth essay, on "Sin," exhibits most strikingly the dialectic skill of the author. He brings the doctrine of the "Fall" and of inherited depravity into antagonism with human liberty, and shows that the idea of free will is an absurdity, where the idea of native depravity is maintained. This essay, at the time of its first publication, in 1853, made a great stir in the religious world of Geneva, and brought upon its author the savage denunciations both of Catholic and Calvinistic writers. Its learning and its logic were alike formidable.

The fifth essay is a series of three "Theological Conversations," in which the author first shows that "Catholicism is only a branch of Protestantism," then that "Protestantism is only a branch of Catholicism," and then that the whole theory of Supernaturalism, whether it be affirmed of the Church or of the Scriptures, is open to very serious, if not fatal, objections. M. Scherer does not, indeed, decide against Christianity as a special gift of God to men, but he leaves, and evidently intends to leave, the impression, that its miraculous side is of no assistance in sustaining its authority. The essay is at once the most entertaining and the most radical in the volume. The sixth essay, on the Apocalypse, learnedly discusses the theory of Commodian about the two Antichrists. The seventh essay describes the three phases of English doubt and lapse from the Church, as they are represented by John Sterling, J. A. Froude, and F. W. Newman. After this follow a series of articles on eminent French representative men, — De Maistre, Lamennais, Gratry, Veuillot, Taine, Proudhon, Renan, and Ary Scheffer. None of these men altogether please M. Scherer; and even Renan, whose advanced theological position might win for him the sympathy of a rationalist, receives but moderate praise. The critic means to be impartial, and is so impartial as often to seem unjust, and even malevolent. This is most apparent in the essays on De Maistre and Proudhon. The views of M. Scherer are, nevertheless, sound in the main, and the impression at the end is, that the strong and weak points of all the characters have been distinctly brought out.

Miss Bremer, in her recent curious book of self-revelations and gossip about all manner of religious topics, takes occasion to lament the wayward and mistaken blindness of Scherer and his friends, in cutting themselves off from the sympathy of the Geneva Evangelicals, the Vinets and the Merles. The patronizing tone in which she speaks of the error of such free and brave spirits as the reforming party in French Protestantism, is hardly less ludicrous than her account of her interviews with the Pope and his Catholic aids, and her experience of Roman convent-life. However far we may be from agreeing with the peculiar opinions of the French radical party in theology, we welcome their protests against the sickly pietism which would hinder the progress of a scientific theology, and so prepare the way for a catholic

reaction. Such narrow theologians as Gaussen and D'Aubigné do far more harm by their timid sophistries than the boldest rationalists. That "New Church of Love" which Miss Bremer longs so much to see, will never come through any theory that distrusts truth, is afraid of science, or tries to silence free speech. The liberty which cannot be enjoyed in Switzerland is still allowed in Holland, nor is it likely there to be soon denied. The volume of Essays which is denounced at Geneva as heretical and dangerous, is sold and read at Amsterdam as the harbinger of light and promise.

OUR diligent and honored friend, Dr. Beard of Manchester, has rendered a very timely and valuable service, in gathering several of the essays just mentioned, along with a few from other authors, into a neat and readable English volume. The translations—most of them, apparently, by the editor's own hand—are clear and felicitous throughout. The first third of the volume is perhaps a little more metaphysical in its order of topics than the average of readers among us demand; and, by itself, might suggest the criticism that the idea in general needs to be translated, as well as the words in which it is conveyed,—that each community, each language, has its own fashion and dialect of thought, which can never be quite successfully transplanted. But we forget any such partial judgment, as we become acquainted with the very fresh, vigorous, and animated reasoning that makes the body of the book. Several points, both of Biblical criticism and of ecclesiastical discussion, are put with a felicity and point that we have never seen excelled. As an example, take the following statement:—

"Each epoch produces a literature, and every great epoch produces a literature which becomes classical. A classic literature is that which, originating in a particular set of circumstances, is distinguished by richness and harmony, by truth and power, especially, however, by the close connection which subsists between it and some great historic epoch, in such manner that this literature becomes the final and complete expression of a nationality, serves to define it by this expression, and remains for succeeding ages an ideal type of the genius of this nationality, a lasting source of inspiration, an eternal model of imitation. It is important at the same time to remark, that the perfection of a classic literature is necessarily relative, that is to say, that such a literature inevitably becomes old, that it constantly becomes older, and that in thus becoming old, it becomes also, from many points of view, strange to the thought and to the taste of future generations who study it. . . . All this is applicable to the Bible. Canonical literature is nothing else than the classic literature of Christianity. . . . The respect which we have for the Bible, the affection we bear towards it, the eagerness with which we study it, the submission with which we hear its teachings, are perfectly compatible with that unconscious and spontaneous accommodation with which the reader makes allowances in the Divine work for that which is human, temporary, imperfect."—Edmund Scherer's Essay, *What the Bible is*, pp. 308–310.

Apart from the very great interest of the volume as letting us into

* The Progress of Religious Thought, as illustrated in the Protestant Church of France. Edited by JOHN R. BEARD. London: Simpkin, Marshall, & Co. 12mo. pp. 383.

some of the best thinking of the recent French mind, and the new phase of Protestantism now in development, it has a positive value, equally great, from the independent and able part it sustains in the debates opened afresh among us in these last years. Readers of the "Essays and Reviews" will be glad to find some points here discussed with a little more detail, and in more fresh and popular style, from the same point of view of independent scholarship. And the value of the book is all the greater, that it consists not merely or mainly of criticism, and is noway sceptical in tone; but is, almost altogether, positive, earnest, constructive, and devout.

The editor has prefixed an excellent statement of the character and contents of the Oxford volume; and the present issue bears on its title-page the names of our Boston publishers, Messrs. Walker, Wise, & Co.

It is a grateful service always to register among the publications of the day those whose aim is simply practical, and whose source is the sympathies and affections of the Christian life. It would be a pity that this element in our current literature should ever be wanting among the rest. Among new thought, new scholarship, new philosophy, and criticism, we want new sermons too. Speculative theology needs the tempering of Christian piety. Religious truth needs continually its fresh illustration and application in the life. The thought is rather trite, but we are reminded of it as from time to time a volume comes up, modestly claiming its place in our religious literature, bearing the impress of pastoral duty and the fragrance of the by-ways of Christian life. And we have been especially pleased with several features of the volume whose title we register below.* It consists, as such a volume should, not of brilliant essays, or ambitious oratory, but of good parish sermons, — near enough to the events and feelings of the time to be somewhat colored by them, and near enough to the universal heart of faith to take the tone altogether of trust and piety and peace. Such titles as "The Beauty of God," "Work for the Needy," "The Power of Christian Love," "Christ on the Mountains," "The Greatness of Christian Service," suggest the order of topics, and the spirit of the volume. We have found, in perusing it, sufficient variety of thought, beauty of literary expression, freshness of illustration, and excellence of Christian sentiment, to make it a very readable and acceptable addition to our library of practical religion.

Our pages for July, 1859, gave early notice to the American public of Müller's wonderful work in Bristol, a condensed statement of which is now presented in a single volume under the auspices of Rev. Dr. Wayland.† His prefatory essay upon the efficacy of prayer seems rather a cold introduction to so glowing an experience. Müller will not feel inspired by such faint suggestions as to the possibility of a heavenly

* *Christ in the Will, the Heart, and the Life. Discourses by A. B. MUZZEY.* Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co.

† *The Life of Trust: being a Narrative of the Lord's Dealings with GEORGE MÜLLER.* With an Introduction by FRANCIS WAYLAND. Boston: Gould and Lincoln. 1861.

aid of which more than twenty-five years of philanthropic effort have been to him a daily demonstration. The suggestion at the close of Dr. Wayland's Preface, that, if Müller is right, all the present machinery for raising money for religious uses must be wrong, is the overwhelming conviction of every unprejudiced reader of this "Life of Trust." Without any personal solicitation, any worldly patronage, any combined effort, any systematic collections, any quarterly or annual appeals, by prayer alone as it appears, a friendless German has built and is sustaining an immense Orphan Asylum at Bristol, England, — besides constituting himself a Bible society, tract society, missionary society, of the most practical, unexpensive, and spontaneous kind. A quarter of a century has just closed since this singular philanthropist began upon his orphan-house. The results of all his labors, as far as they can be given in statistics, are 13,124 pupils taught in Sunday, day, or evening schools; 1,153 orphans educated; 100 missionaries aided; 42,463 Bibles or parts of Bibles circulated; and of separate tracts and books distributed, eleven millions and a half. Two large buildings have been erected, a third is now going up; and for the orphan work alone, £133,528 have been expended; proving that the estimate of half a million of dollars made in a former number of this journal as the sum total of Müller's receipts was, as it was intended to be, below the mark.

WHETHER, as the name indicates, Mr. P. L. Jacob (who writes with the pseudonyme of "un Bibliophile") is a Jew, we have no means of ascertaining; but it is certain that he very nearly resembles D'Israeli the elder in his taste for queer, grotesque, and recondite facts and anecdotes, and in the variety of his reading. He selects with more discrimination than the English Jew, and has managed in his volume of "Theological Curiosities" * to avoid garrulity and to escape the temptation of redundancy. His volume, printed in the antique style, is entertaining throughout. It is divided into three parts: the first treats of the whims and oddities of Judaism and Christianity; the second, of the superstition of other religions; and the third, of various strange and rare books on subjects connected with religion. A copious index enables the reader to find any anecdote or story related in the volume. Four fifths at least of all that is mentioned will be new even to those who have studied long and diligently in theology. The shelves of the Imperial Parisian Library must have been very diligently ransacked to furnish such a mass of matter.

The worst fault that we have to find with the book is a somewhat too prominent fondness for anecdotes of a doubtful taste. The tone of the book is not, however, vulgar or immoral, and the coarse quotations are rather given for their absurdity than for their pruriency. They are amusing, rather than disgusting. Our "Bibliophile" is certainly not troubled with reverence, and does not hesitate to show how preachers, doctors, creeds, and sects have done and said foolish things. But he is impartial. He draws from orthodox not less than heretical

* *Curiosités Théologiques.* Par un Bibliophile. Paris: Delahays. 1861. 16mo. pp. 358.

sources, and treats Christianity and the Rabbins no better than Islam and the Brahmins. Perhaps the most extraordinary chapter in the volume is that which treats of the *excommunication of animals and insects*, which would overturn the gravity of the most austere Puritan. This chapter is really a capital satire upon the pretensions of the Church; and we cannot help thinking that there is a covert sarcasm in this whole presentation of the ludicrous side of religion. There is a degree of care in the statement of Herder's argument about the rat that ate the consecrated wafer, which shows that M. Jacob was not unwilling to show up the whole absurdity of the doctrine of Transubstantiation.

HISTORY AND POLITICS.

ERNST HERRMANN, whose History of Russia has come to the sixth volume,* is Professor of History at Marburg. The work was begun in 1832 by the late Prof. Strahl of Bonn, who lived to complete the first two volumes; the remaining four have been written by Herrmann. The work has excited little interest in Germany, yet it is said to be not without permanent value. The past of Russia is not of much interest, perhaps, to the reading world of Europe or America; its history, like ours, lies in the future. The last hundred years grow dull and heavy to us fervently shaping the next. Yet he who anywhere adds to the knowledge of men deserves of men at least the tribute of recognition of his doing. For those, then, seeking knowledge of Russia, it will be worth while to know of Herrmann's work. He has travelled to Stockholm to explore the Swedish archives, and has delved in the State Paper Office in London,—searching also in the archives of various German courts for material,—unable to conceal his chagrin at the occasional narrow-mindedness which in these last has limited his explorations.

This sixth volume treats of the last decade of the last century, and is occupied for the most part with the foreign relations of Russia, so that it becomes rather a history of the political relations of Eastern Europe during this period. In the foreground stands Catherine II.,—not the vicious woman whom the *Chronique Scandaleuse* will depict, but the great queen whom the world fears. In respect to Germany, it was doubtless one of the objects of Catherine to keep that country in as helpless a condition as possible; for that purpose she multiplied her agents. Russia had formerly had ambassadors only at Vienna, Berlin, and Dresden,—it had its representatives now at Regensburg, at Frankfort-am-Main, and Hamburg. And how it was the fixed purpose of Catherine to win Poland and Finland, how she yearned after Stamboul, and seized the Crimea,—these things, of course, are explained;—and how England, now the fiercest enemy of Russia, was its earliest friend; but France, seeing further, said, “If we let Russia have the Crimea, France and Austria and Prussia must see to it that she has no

* ERNST HERRMANN, Geschichte des Russischen Staats. Sechster Band. (Heeren- und Ukert'sche Sammlung der Geschichte der Europäischen Staaten.) Leipzig. 1860.

fleet there"; — and how, seventy years later, that frightful wrestling for the Crimea was only the re-affirmation of French policy laid down long before.

It was a poor part which Germany played in those days. Prussia and Austria sought in Russia a support against one another; and while they were congratulating themselves in Berlin upon a Russian alliance, Catherine had already, on the 18th of May, 1781, entered into a secret understanding with Austria, — the particular nature of which is first developed by Herrmann, — by which the Porte was sacrificed to Russia, and Joseph II. on his part thought to absorb the whole Venetian territory, "gone masterless, alas!" Thus long before the treaty of Campo Formio did Austria lust after the Queen of the Adriatic. But Catherine of Russia was more cunning than Joseph of Austria; and you may read in Herrmann how the hopes of the latter were ever made vain. As Louis XIV. kept Charles II. in his pay, so Catherine is reported to have won the Austrian diplomats with Russian gold, — a system of conquest kept up long into this century, if one may believe the historians. Thus covered by Austria, Russia opened its war with Turkey, in 1787. But the time of the Turks had not come, and the king of Sweden rose to harass Russia on the other side, frightening Catherine to such extent that she kept five hundred horses harnessed day and night, ready for flight from St. Petersburg. But if Russia did not gain Turkey, neither did Sweden recover its lost provinces.

There has been much dispute in Germany whether Prussia or Austria gave occasion to the second partition of Poland. Herrmann inclines himself to the latter view, but leaves the reader to draw his own conclusions from the copious material which he supplies, — modestly disclaiming thus to do his reader's thinking for him. But into that question we are indisposed to enter by so much as a single remark. It was a shameful deed for those who did it, — one of those crimes against race for which the retribution comes in the end, the judgment of God in history, weighty and awful, if long deferred. Doubtless Poland was in the bad condition which Herrmann sets forth; but, taught by calamity, it had begun to make a healthy progress, of which you may see evidence in the *Life of Hugo Kollontai* by Sniadezki, if you can read it; but you cannot expect to get Aristideses and Catos in twenty years, says the contemporary critic. But that the Poland of the second partition was not the Poland of the first, will be the sober judgment of history. We must not forget, in speaking for a moment of Russia, her recent action in freeing her serfs. It deserves, as it has won, the applause of Europe. However bad the condition of the servile class, to deny the hope of amelioration is the last worst thing on earth. It invokes the judgment it defies; and threatens not only the destruction of republican freedom, but the coming on of that barbarism in the black darkness of which civilized society itself droops and perishes.

THE official position of Monsieur Arthur de la Guéronnière, as state counsellor and mouthpiece of the French government in the *Moniteur*, gives great importance to any words, however vague, which he may

choose to utter. The pamphlet on "France, Rome, and Italy,"* which has made so much stir, justifies the excitement rather by what it *does not* say than by what it says. It does not assert, in so many words, that the Papacy has done its work as a temporal power, and must now give up its secular charge; but the conclusion of its review of the "situation" and the circumstances that have led to it is, that the Court of Rome can no more be allowed to hinder Italian liberty, than Italian liberty to annihilate the Papal rule. The clear inference from the whole is, that Napoleon proposes to let things take their course, and to stand in the way of Victor Emanuel only in defending the private rights and the person of the Holy Father. The problem which he proposes, if possible, to solve, or to wait upon, is the problem of an Italian nation *with* the Pope. "France," says M. de la Guéronnière, "will wait patiently for the *near hour* when the pontifical government, at last rid of the dangerous allies who have imposed their support upon it, will know how to distinguish between those who have done everything to destroy it, and those who have done everything to save it."

Non-committal and evasive as it is, the pamphlet is well written. The friend of Lamartine and the editor of the *Pays* has lost nothing in force or elegance of style by becoming an imperial tool. He is much more respectable than Cassagnac or Capefigue. His satire is dignified, and he indulges in no invective or abuse. He gently hints that the Ultramontane French bishops are deceived by their "earnestness of faith," and does not go out of his way to rebuke Monsignor of Orleans. Pleasant compliments are not spared; and the French clergy will be delighted to hear that they are "the most enlightened, the most pious, and the most disinterested in the world." The Church is assured, too, that it is constantly growing, that heresies are waning, and that wherever the "eldest son" of the Church has influence, its rights will be carefully protected. Perhaps the most neatly turned flattery in the pamphlet is in calling the election of Napoleon to the Presidency of the Republic the "giving back of power to the hands of the heir of the Empire."

GEOGRAPHY AND TRAVELS.

THE new work of Count Gobineau † is not, as a glance at the title might at first lead one to think, a book of travels in the United States. It is simply the narrative of a few weeks spent in the waters and territories which lie in and around the Gulf of St. Lawrence. "Terre-Neuve" is the rather awkward French name of Newfoundland. So far as we can judge by the volume, Count Gobineau seems to have been the clerk of an inquest sent out by the French government to ascertain the exact condition of the French fisheries on the coast of Newfoundland, and their relations to the fisheries of other nations. The work

* *La France, Rome, et l'Italie.* Par A. DE LA GUÉRONNIÈRE. Paris: Dentu. 1861. 8vo. pp. 61.

† *Voyage à Terre-Neuve.* Par LE COMTE A. DE GOBINEAU, Premier Secrétaire d'Ambassade. Paris: Hachette. 1861. 16mo. pp. 308.

was not arduous; and the results, we are bound to say, do not seem very important, — certainly in the head clerk's narrative of his adventures. The first chapter, which describes the voyage from France across the Atlantic in the steam-frigate *Gassendi*, prepares us to expect more triviality of detail than solid fact and observation. The sketches which follow, of Saint Pierre, Sydney, Halifax, the west and east coasts of Newfoundland, and the town of St. Johns, are more interesting from the easy flow of their style than from the accuracy or value of the information which they give. The closing chapters of the book, on the "Fisheries," and on the "Morals" of the people in these regions, illustrate only the inventive faculty of the writer. His account of the way in which courtships are conducted is ludicrously imaginative, and his statement that elopements are very common is quite wide of the truth. Elopements in Newfoundland, on a barren island! The book is not wanting in variety of scene and topic, and there are passages of genuine humor, somewhat exaggerated, perhaps. The exercises at the Normal School of Truro, on the occasion of the annual visit of the Governor of Nova Scotia, are given in a style worthy of Dickens. Count Gobineau is much more at home in describing social absurdities than in describing natural scenery, or in philosophizing about cause and effect, about duties and tendencies. His book fails wholly to show us the shape and color of the countries which he visits, and, instead of wise conclusions, gives French prejudices. A more serious objection lies against his book than the objection which he urges against American books, that they are so badly printed: he gives judgments on topics which he does not, and seems not to have tried to, understand.

If the volumes upon Chili and Peru which M. Holinski proposes hereafter to publish are as spirited and entertaining as this first volume upon Ecuador,* he will gain an honorable place as a traveller and a writer of travels. He is one of those tourists who see a great deal in going only a little way, and who overlook nothing of importance, whether in the aspects of nature or in the life of men, — who are able to set in their proper place ordinary as well as extraordinary events. He simply tells how he journeyed from Guayaquil to Quito and back again by the same road; yet in this single and frequented path he gives a picture of the real life of the land, far better than Dr. Barth in his various and ramified African travels. M. Holinski is at once a good observer, a good critic, and a good writer, not egotistic and yet not abstract, keeping the human interest in all his descriptions, and saying what he has to say in the most natural manner. His full and curious scholarship comes in incidentally, just when it is wanted, and is never forced; and the moral tone of the volume is high and humane. M. Holinski sympathizes with the largest liberty, and has as little respect for religious as for civil and social despotism. He is emphatic in his denunciation of negro slavery. His only dislike of the system of government in the

* *L'Équateur, Scènes de la Vie Sud Américaine.* Par ALEXANDRE HOLINSKI. Paris: Amyot. 1861. 16mo. pp. 262.

United States is that it contains the false principle of toleration of slavery.

Some misapprehensions M. Holinski authoritatively corrects, — such as that tropical birds do not sing, that alligators will not attack men, that South Americans are stupid, and that Quito is a dangerous place to live in on account of the thieves and assassins. He denies all these false notions. His account of the “Molle” tree, which is fatal by its odor to all insects and vermin, but entirely harmless and agreeable to man, is new to us, as it probably will be to most readers. The diligent compilers of the *New American Cyclopædia* have not included this in their list of titles. The discussion of “leprosy” in the volume, too, is very original and interesting. Whatever, in fact, M. Holinski touches, whether it be legend or history, scenery or manners, mountains or plains or sea, industry, language, or religion, he brings out something fresh and racy. From comparatively slender material he has made a very entertaining book.

ALFRED MICHIELS, whose full name is Joseph Alfred Xavier Michiels, is one of the most prolific and the most popular of living French writers. In the graphic delineation of local scenery and of manners and customs he has no superior. His passion for travel is equalled by his facility in description, and he has done very much to make known to his countrymen, not only England, Germany, Holland, and other lands, with their literature and their life, but also the neglected portions of his own land. His most recent researches have been among the mountaineers of Eastern France, in the region of the Vosges, and he describes the homes and the habits of this region from an intimate personal acquaintance.* The simple faith, the moral purity, and the pacific spirit of these Mennonites captivate his heart so thoroughly, that it is hard for a reader to resist the attraction, and not consent to their strange theories of life and of religion. There is a warmth of sympathy which is rarely found in the descriptions of professional tourists; and, without any attempt at exaggeration, a poetical beauty is given to what is probably a prosaic and commonplace existence.

There is a delightful variety in this volume. We have history, legend, personal sketches, family life, rural industry, romantic scenery, bright and sad very skilfully mingled. There is not a dull sentence from beginning to end. The style is at once light and dignified, and free from any taint of license. The only errors of statement are those which speak of the customs and numbers of the Baptists in foreign parts. We are not prepared to accept as strictly accurate the Mennonite disavowal of all historical connection with John of Leyden and his fanatics, nor do we think that in the praise of the ultra peace notions of this sect, and of their successful practical working, sufficient account is made of their isolation and their numerical insignificance. They are so few, and they live so separate from the rest of France, that their system has no influence and very little importance. It mingles curi-

* *Les Anabaptistes des Vosges.* Par ALFRED MICHIELS. Paris: Poulet-Malassis et De Broise. 1860. 12mo. pp. 339.

ously a close and scrupulous Scriptural literalism with a superstitious credulity. The Mennonites have great faith in signs and wonders, and are quite ready to believe marvellous stories, though they reject as needless and impious the practices of other churches and of secular life, such as fasts and the wearing of arms.

ONE who would get an accurate idea of the changes and improvements which the nine years of the Empire of Napoleon have brought in the French capital, can find satisfaction in the small volume recently published by M. Veron.* Besides the enlargement of the Louvre, he gives a list of structures which, since 1852, the city of Paris has continued or finished, — churches, public buildings, barracks, fountains, markets, schools, asylums, and the like, — surprising not only in the number, but in the grandeur of the undertaking. The whole city, old and new, has within its limits sixty-six Catholic parishes, five Protestant chapels, and two synagogues, yet all these churches scarcely are adequate to the accommodation of one eighth of the inhabitants, the number of whom at present, including the garrison, M. Veron estimates at 1,700,000. Paris, indeed, is more poorly supplied with religious conveniences than any large city in the world. But a small fraction of its people have any regard for religious institutions, or feel any obligation to attend public worship. And it is a significant fact, that the Emperor finds it even more desirable to open public squares than to open new houses of prayer. No less than six of these have been recently completed, involving great outlay and the demolition of hundreds of houses. In these, the common people prefer to spend their Sunday. The catalogue of new streets which have been opened in these years is very remarkable. Miles of narrow and dirty lanes have disappeared, and in their place straight, wide, solidly paved avenues, with symmetrical rows of houses, give magnificence to what was before meanness. In these street improvements, 4,349 houses have been demolished. The number of houses built in the city, however, more than makes good this deficiency. In this period, 9,617 houses have been built, and the increase of tenements is from 25,000 to 30,000. But we have no space to mention in detail the interesting facts of M. Veron's volume. His sketches of the new hospitals are especially complete. Bourdelin's well-executed engravings add to the value of the book.

NOVELS AND TALES.

WE have recently given our readers an estimate of George Eliot's characteristics as a novelist.† Whether "Silas Marner"‡ will be as popular as "Adam Bede" or "The Mill on the Floss" is doubtful. It has less variety, its pathos is more quiet, the dialogues are sometimes

* Paris en 1860. Les Théâtres de Paris. Depuis 1806 jusqu'en 1860. Par M. L. VERON, Député et Membre du Conseil Général de la Seine. Illustré de 15 Dessins par Bourdelin. Paris : A. Bourdilliat et Cie. 1860. 12mo. pp. 150.

† See Christian Examiner for March, 1861.

‡ Silas Marner, the Weaver of Raveloe. By the Author of "Adam Bede," etc. New York : Harper and Brothers. 1861. 12mo. pp. 265.

tedious instead of amusing, and the humor seems more an accident than an element of the book. The tale begins tragically and ends quietly, and in this respect is exactly the opposite of her former publications. The interest is rather painfully kept up. The reader is constantly expecting startling and unpleasant developments, while the apprehensions thus excited prove in the end groundless.

The village of Raveloe, with its simple aims and pleasures, and its vague, though deeply rooted superstitions, is graphically described. Like all George Eliot's pictures, it is minute and faithful, and it is impossible to detect an incongruity. With the exception of Silas Marner, the characters are only outlines; but they are outlines so boldly sketched that they have all the effect of more rounded and finished delineations. Dolly Winthrop is the cleverest of these sketches. Her simple theology, as expressed in her homely dialect, and with strange perversions of the pronouns, is very pure as well as touching, for it is plain that her love and faith enable her to grasp truths which often escape a more subtle intellect. Dolly's personalities are very quaint and amusing, and the expression of her resignation to her husband's love of ale and jollity, "considering that 'men would be men,' and viewing the stronger sex in the light of animals whom it had pleased Heaven to make naturally troublesome, like bulls and turkeycocks," is very characteristic of George Eliot. So is the retort, "You're a doctor if you're only a cow-doctor,—as a fly is a fly if it's only a hoss-fly"; and the dog, returning from his chase of poor puss, with a face as if to say, "You see I have done my duty by this feeble creature"; and afterwards, at dinner, in rivalry for scraps, "remonstrating with a growl on the greediness and futility of her conduct." Though a less elaborately drawn character, Godfrey Cass resembles that of Arthur Donnithorne, and thus it has not the charm of a fresh delineation. But Silas Marner is a masterly creation. It is evident that the author, with even more than her usual singleness of purpose, has concentrated all her power on the artistic development of this, her leading character, and her efforts have met with signal success. The successive changes slowly wrought in this man's soul by the vicissitudes of his life are portrayed with marvellous effect. The insight which enables George Eliot to lay bare so thoroughly the heart, is only equalled by the rare skill shown in delineating these hidden springs of thought and action, which, being so subtle and undefined, are more difficult to embody than to conceive.

In depicting the solitary life of the outcast weaver, the author has also clearly solved the problem of how the love of gold for its own sake alone can become, in a nature generous as well as intense, not only an absorbing passion, but an all-satisfying enjoyment. No one, after reading of Silas Marner's nightly revels over his shining hoard, can wonder at such an infatuation, even while forced to deplore it. The loss of this gold, and the dawning of a new life upon the enfeebled intellect and heart of the weaver through the gentle influence of a little child, which not only brought him nearer to God but to the world, is most tenderly and charmingly told. And the gradual way in which

this transformation is effected commends itself particularly for its naturalness.

The little incident of Silas's visit to the home of his youth is a great stroke of genius. Most novelists would have deemed it needful, for the success of the story, to have removed at last the thick clouds which had so darkened the life of Marner, and had shattered the religious faith, not built on the foundation of the Gospel, but on the authority of a narrow sect. But George Eliot, while recognizing the mysteries of life, wisely does not attempt to elucidate them or adjust them to suit a petty purpose, and there is a great truth contained in these simple words of Dolly Winthrop's: "It's the will o' Them above as many things should be dark to us; but there's some things as I've never felt i' the dark about, and they're mostly what comes i' the day's work. You were hard done by that once, Master Marner, and it seems as you'll never know the rights of it; but that does n't hinder there being a rights, Master Marner, for all it's dark to you and me."

WE do not know whether it was accidental coincidence or publisher's stratagem which issued the fictitious autobiography of Mr. Herbert Fitzherbert* almost simultaneously with the veracious autobiography of Alexander Carlyle. The books are unlike in every respect. The one is as silly as the other is sensible, the one is as dull as the other is entertaining. Perhaps the word "dull" is not the most accurate in describing Mr. Bracebridge Hemyng's production; it is a word too weak to express the reader's sense of such dreary trash, in which the rules of morality and of grammar, of probability and of prosody, are alike outraged. The genuine "Curate of Inveresk" was no Puritan certainly, but he was a gentleman and a pleasant companion. The spurious "Curate of Inveresk" is neither Puritan nor gentleman,—is only what Dogberry wished himself to be written down. The "Tub," which is described as his dwelling-place, fails equally in giving him the wit of Diogenes, and in cleansing him from impurities. Slang is his substitute for wit.

A volume like this illustrates the absurdity of the "muscular" style of religious novels, when weak men try to write them. This book is apparently the production of a youth fresh from college, where he has devoted more time to sport and dissipation than to the study of science or his mother tongue. He has chosen a clerical subject, in deference to the fashionable public demand, but he has been able to give us for ministers only fast men and fools, and to put into their mouths only the dialect of his set. He dedicates the book to his "father," who "has watched its growth." The father must belong to the order of pachyderms not to feel the smart of such a dedication. No humiliation could be greater to a sensitive mind than to have contributed even indirectly to the production of such a book, such a libel upon clerical life, and such a cheat upon confiding readers, who will be led by its title to try it. The book has no power in any kind. Its scenes are melodramatic,

* The Curate of Inveresk. A Clerical Autobiography. By BRACEBRIDGE HEMYNG. London: James Blackwood. 12mo. pp. 156.

but after the style of the low theatres. Its tragedy is laughable, and its fun is dismal. The most brilliant stroke of humor in the volume is in the change of the words "medical students" into "stedical moodents," and in representing a gathering of these as the "Young Men's Christian Association."

It is not often that we find purity of sentiment joined in a French story to purity of style. The French novels that are chaste are usually dull, and to enjoy brilliant periods in that language one must always take the chance of scenes and descriptions repulsive to the moral sense. Most of the writers who have so zealously undertaken in these last years to illustrate the rural and provincial life of France have carried into their work a Parisian taste and a Parisian morality. M. Eugène Muller, whose series of stories illustrating village life has been for the last two years in course of publication, is a writer of another kind.* He does not preach or teach preceptively an austere morality, yet it is evident that he means to present virtue as better than vice, honesty as better than falsehood, and good men as more worthy of respect and love than profligates and villains. The love which he commends is conjugal, and not illicit. The state which he praises is not ambition, but contentment. And the moral of his stories is, that a pious, pure, industrious, and disinterested life will make any soul happy on earth, while it gives a hope of heavenly beatitude.

In the story which we notice, *La Mionette*, the pure daughter of a vile family, becomes the good angel of her kindred, and brings them back to decency and comfort. Through her mediation the lost are saved, and the wrong which society and bad influences have done is neutralized. Her purity, love, and self-sacrifice are made to overcome prejudice, pride, and passion. In simplicity this story of *Mionette* is almost childish; yet in its moral meaning it has food for a reflective mind. How much calmer, how much nobler, the impression of such a tale, than the impression of the high-wrought stories of Dumas or George Sand!

No book could be more acceptable to lovers of broad humor, who have no conscientious scruple against white lies, than a new and complete edition of the *Travels of Baron Münchhausen*. Such is not, however, the volume which comes to us from a New York publisher.† Its first half, indeed, contains a portion of the Baron's authentic adventures, though even here we miss some of the most remarkable, and are annoyed at a new arrangement; but "the second part," we are bound to say, is a greater attempt on the credulity of readers than any of the original stories. It is abominable to attach such dreary trash as this to a name so justly famous. These meaningless yarns about "Gog and Magog," "Wauwau," and "the Sphinx" have no more resemblance

* *Histoires de mon Village. La Mionette.* Par EUGÈNE MULLER. Gravure de Léopold Fleming. 3^{me} édition augmentée de *Mon Village*. Paris: Alphonse Tavié. 1859. 16mo. pp. 179.

† *The Travels and Surprising Adventures of Baron Münchhausen.* Illustrated by Alfred Crowquill. New York: James Miller. 1860. 12mo. pp. 251.

to the real "Travels" of the Prince of Liars, than the poems of Tupper have to those of Shakespeare, or the poem of Pollok to that of Milton. This attempt to make of Münchhausen an allegorical satirist is full as ridiculous as the style which the "spirits" adopt in restoring the sages of the ancient world. It is Plato improved and renewed in the lucubrations of Andrew Jackson Davis.

The author of this imitation does not seem to have any idea that "Münchhausen" is the name of a real personage. And the name has become so the synonyme for monstrosities of lying, that probably most have ceased to associate it with any historical character. Baron Münchhausen nevertheless was a personage as real as Beau Brummel, Alexander Dumas, or the Chevalier Wikoff. The Münchhausen family is one of the most ancient and respectable of Germany, and has kept up its dignity to the present day. Baron Alexander Münchhausen is one of the most eminent statesmen of Hanover, and has held many of the highest offices in that realm. A century and a half ago, Baron Adolf Münchhausen was renowned as a scholar and diplomatist. Charles Lewis Münchhausen was famous not only as a writer, but as a valiant officer; and Otto Münchhausen in the last century, and Philip Otto Münchhausen in the present century, were popular novelists. The most famous of all the race is the Baron Jerome Charles Frederic Münchhausen, who was born in Hanover in 1720, and died in 1797. The pride of this gentleman was to be reckoned the "Prince of Liars," and the account of his wonderful adventures in the Russian campaigns against the Turks had made him notorious long before these adventures found a publisher. The first collection of Münchhausen's travels appeared in London in 1785. Within two years, five editions appeared, the last with numerous and grotesque additions. From the fourth English edition, a translation into German was made by Bürger, and the improved fifth English edition speedily followed in the German language. In 1846 there appeared at Leipsic, under the name of "Münchhausen's Lying Adventures," a new work, which was translated by Döring from the original of Raspe, a Hessian exile in London.

The originals of Münchhausen's most amusing tales are found in older writers in a more crude form. Some of them are in Bebel's "Facetiæ," published at Tübingen in 1542; others in Castiglione's "Cortegiano," published at Venice in 1528, and in Bidermann's "Utopia," published at Dillingen in 1640. Ellissen's Introduction to the German edition of 1849 contains some curious details concerning Münchhausen and his adventures, and Charles Immermann made these the basis of a most comic novel, in four volumes, published at Düsseldorf in 1838-39. The artist Adolf Schrödter anticipated Alfred Crowquill in illustrating Münchhausen, and made these adventures the subjects of sketches and paintings in oil, which still retain their popularity as works of comic genius in art.

MISCELLANEOUS.

MEDICAL literature has seldom received a more brilliant contribution, or one that is more likely to be read by non-professional readers,

than Dr. Holmes's new volume.* The style has all that crispness and epigrammatic force which we are accustomed to find in the prose writings of our first humorist, while the general interest of the themes, and the luminous manner in which they are presented, are equally noteworthy. No man knows better than Dr. Holmes how to make scientific knowledge popular, and in none of his writings which have fallen under our eye has he been more successful in this particular than in one or two of the papers before us. Into the vexed questions of therapeutics, which are discussed in several of the addresses, we shall scarcely be expected to enter; but we may hazard the opinion that the tendency of medical science at the present day is clearly in the direction indicated in the first address in this book. Dr. Holmes, it is true, has been much criticised by his professional brethren for some of the positions maintained in this address, and in others of an earlier date; but it must be obvious to every one that the side espoused by him is likely in the end to be supported by a numerical majority of the profession, as well as by the authority of the greatest names. The "heroic practice" is quite certain to yield to "rational expectancy," and, notwithstanding the strong exceptions taken to Dr. Holmes's address at the time of its delivery, we are inclined to think his book will do much to recommend the views which he then urged.

Beside the celebrated address from which the volume derives its title, and which was delivered at the annual meeting of the Massachusetts Medical Society in May, 1860, there are seven other addresses and essays. Of these the first two are lectures delivered before the Boston Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, nearly twenty years ago, and designed as an exposure of "Homœopathy and its Kindred Delusions." Both addresses are replete with curious and useful information, conveyed in the writer's best style; and the account of Perkins's once famous Metallic Tractors in particular will be both new and interesting to the majority of readers at the present day. Following these lectures is a very sharp and piquant little paper, entitled "Some More Recent Views on Homœopathy," suggested by a new Homœopathic manual for domestic use. Next we have a reprint of the well-known and much-abused essay on "Puerperal Fever as a Private Pestilence." The last three papers in the volume are an address delivered in 1844 on "The Position and Prospects of the Medical Student," a Valedictory Address to the Medical Graduates of Harvard University in 1858, and a very admirable essay on the "Mechanism of Vital Actions," to the general reader perhaps the most attractive paper in the collection.

If Dr. Holmes's address had produced no other good fruits than to have afforded an occasion for the publication of Dr. Jackson's volume,†

* *Currents and Counter-Currents in Medical Science. With other Addresses and Essays.* By OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES, Parkman Professor of Anatomy and Physiology in Harvard University, etc., etc. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 12mo. pp. 406.

† *Another Letter to a Young Physician: to which are appended some other Medical Papers.* By JAMES JACKSON, M.D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 1861. 16mo. pp. xii. and 179.

we should still feel grateful for its delivery. Dr. Jackson has reached such an age that his opinion on any medical question comes to us with the sanction of an experience which no one else in this community possesses, while the marvellous clearness and force of his intellect, undimmed by the lapse of more than eighty years, show that he has not outlived his usefulness. The larger part of the volume is devoted to an argument in defence of the utility of medical science, written in a style of great simplicity, and enriched by the ripened fruits of his various experience. In the Appendix are several illustrative notes, together with a sketch of Rebecca Taylor, for many years an honored nurse at the Massachusetts General Hospital; a paper on Mr. Prescott's case; and the luminous discussion as to the propriety of the treatment in Washington's last sickness, which has already been printed in the Appendix to Mr. Everett's *Life of Washington*.

IN its "intermediate" and "preliminary" chapters, its expostulations with the reader, its monograms and diagrams, its lists of words, etc., Doctor Oldham* recalls the whimsicalities of Southey's "Doctor." But it is solely in the manner, not in the matter, that we detect the lurking resemblance. This similarity of design is unfortunate, as it provokes comparison between the books, and exposes the defects of the later publication. In Dr. Oldham we miss not only the sly but delicious humor, the curious bits of information, the half serious, half playful banter which mollifies the most impatient reader, and causes him to submit smilingly to every digression; but also that creative faculty which makes the simplest sketch in Southey's delightful volumes so intensely lifelike. Daniel the elder, William Dove, Richard Guy, are now personal recollections, as well as the worthy, unobtrusive Doctor Dove himself. Even "my wife's elder sister" has become a reality. Sam Weller's remark, that to "wish there was more" is the great art of letter-writing, applies equally well to other modes of composition; and no author has understood this art better than Southey. Who does not wish to know more of "the Burgomeister's Daughter," and of that sad second attachment so mysteriously alluded to through the first half of the book? also of Deborah, and of the Doctor himself? Who does not admire the skill which, in saying so little, has contrived to tell so much? So Dr. Oldham and his surroundings would excite greater interest had there been a little more left to the imagination. It seems to us the author has failed in his grouping. His machinery does not work easily. The subordinate characters should be something in themselves, and not simply introduced as foils to the autocratic and somewhat egotistical Doctor; instead of which they are only puppets, of which he pulls the wires. The most memorable thing about Greystones is the library-table, which is cleverly described, and has an air of originality and reality about it, which cannot be said of the Doctor's horse, Dick; and we agree with the author in pronouncing him far

* Doctor Oldham at Greystones and his Talk there. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

inferior to the "immortal Nobs." But though the accessories of the book are not to our taste, we have no fault to find with the Doctor's talk, which is its sum and substance. He is a man of culture, and of broad and liberal views, and he discusses the subjects of the day in clear, forcible style, without fear of reproach or censure. His disquisitions upon Government, Woman's Rights, Children, Calvinism, and the Slave-Trade are notable for not a little of good common-sense, and will attract the attention of thoughtful readers.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

THEOLOGY.

Debt and Grace, as related to the Doctrine of a Future Life. By C. F. Hudson. New York: Rudd and Carleton. 12mo. pp. 489.

Religious Lectures on Peculiar Phenomena in the Four Seasons. By Edward Hitchcock, D. D., LL. D. Boston: Crosby, Nichols, Lee, & Co. 12mo. pp. 176.

The Law of Impersonation as applied to Abstract Ideas and Religious Dogmas. By S. W. Hall. London: George Manwaring. pp. 54.

Christ in the Will, the Heart, and the Life. Discourses by A. B. Muzzey. Boston: Walker, Wise, & Co. 12mo. pp. 371. (See p. 141.)

HISTORY AND BIOGRAPHY.

Memoir of Nathanael Emmons; with Sketches of his Friends and Pupils. By Edwards A. Park. Boston: Congregational Board of Publication. 8vo. pp. 468.

POETRY AND FICTION.

The Partisan Leader. By Beverly Tucker, of Virginia. Secretly printed in Washington (in the Year 1836) by Duff Green, for Circulation in the Southern States, but afterward suppressed. New York: Reprinted by Rudd and Carleton. 12mo. pp. 195.

Hopes and Fears; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster. By the Author of the Heir of Redclyffe, &c. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 365.

JUVENILE.

Minnie Carleton. By Mary Belle Bartlett. New York: M. W. Dodd. 18mo. pp. 245.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Another Letter to a Young Physician; to which are appended some other Medical Papers. By James Jackson, M. D. Boston: Ticknor and Fields. 16mo. pp. 179. (See p. 153.)

A Manual of English Pronunciation and Spelling; containing a full Alphabetical Vocabulary of the Language, with a Preliminary Exposition of English Orthoepey and Orthography; and designed as a Work of Reference for General Use, and as a Text-Book in Schools. By Richard Soule, Jr. and William A. Wheeler. Boston: Soule and Williams. 12mo. pp. 467.

The Works of Francis Bacon, Collected and Edited by James Spedding, R. L. Ellis, and D. D. Heath. Vol. I. Boston: Brown and Taggard. 12mo. pp. 539.

Chambers's Encyclopædia; a Dictionary of Universal Knowledge for the People. Parts 28, 29, 30, 31. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. (See last number.)

Volunteers' Camp and Field Book; containing Useful and General Information on the Art and Science of War, for the Leisure Moments of the Soldier. By John P. Curry. 24mo. pp. 146.

Hints on the Preservation of Health in Armies; for the Use of Volunteers, Officers, and Soldiers. By John Ordronaux. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 24mo. pp. 142.

The New American Cyclopædia; a Popular Dictionary of General Knowledge. Edited by George Ripley and Charles A. Dana. Vol. XII. Mozambique — Parr. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo. pp. 788.

PAMPHLETS.

"Essays and Reviews." Anticipated Extracts from a Work published in the Year 1825, and attributed to the Lord Bishop of St. David's. London: George Manwaring. pp. 14.

The State and the Nation sacred to Christian Citizens. A Sermon by H. W. Bellows. New York: James Miller. pp. 16.

By-Laws of the Home for Aged Men, etc. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 22.

Truth not to be Overthrown or Silenced. A Sermon preached at Dorchester by Nathaniel Hall. Boston: John Wilson and Son. pp. 19.

The Sixteenth Annual Report of the Minister at Large in Lowell. Lowell: Stone and Huse. pp. 35.

The Necessities and Wisdom of 1861. A Supplement to the Sixth Edition of Slavery and the Remedy. By Samuel Nott. Boston: Crocker and Brewster. pp. 12. (The "Necessities" are, 1. The Spread of Slavery in the South and Southwest; 2. Union of all States east of the Rocky Mountains; and the "Wisdom," to accept this issue at once, without fighting.)

Earthquakes Instrumentalities in the Divine Government. A Sermon preached in Easton, Pa., by C. H. Edgar. Easton: Lewis Gordon. pp. 19.

Exercises at a Consecration of the Flag of the Union by the Old South Society in Boston, May 1, 1861. Boston: Alfred Mudge and Son. pp. 16.

A Sketch of the History and Present Organization of Brown University. Providence: Knowles, Anthony, & Co. pp. 15.